

The

Auto-Biography  
of

Leobald Wolfe Lorne

from

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THE

# NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

## AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

A MANUSCRIPT of considerable interest and curiosity has, through the kindness of an Irish friend, been put into our hands, with permission to make such selections from it as under all the circumstances of the times and persons to which it relates, may appear to us to be not unfit for publication. It is a fragment of the personal and political biography of Theobald Wolfe Tone, entitled "Memorandums relative to my Life and Opinions." Of its authenticity we have been completely satisfied. It was written in France towards the latter end of 1796, while the armament for Ireland, under Hoche, which he had prevailed upon the French Directory to fit out, and with which he subsequently embarked, was in the act of being organised at Brest. The opening paragraph adverts to his situation and intentions at the time.

*"Paris, August 7, 1796.*

"As I shall embark in a business within a few days, the event of which is uncertain, I take the opportunity of a vacant hour to throw upon paper a few memorandums relative to myself and my family, which may amuse my boys, for whom I write them, in case they should hereafter fall into their hands."

The commencing pages are accordingly taken up with a minute account of the members and circumstances of his family; but, as he advances, the subject expands, and finally assumes the more comprehensive form of a memoir of the part the writer had acted and was acting in the public history of his own time. The style throughout is natural and simple; some of the details are given with a degree of playfulness and ease that form a remarkable contrast with the solemn trains of thought which must have habitually pressed upon a man on the eve of plunging into the most doubtful and dangerous of human enterprises.

He was born in Dublin on the 20th of June, 1763. His father was a coach-maker, and having acquired by inheritance some freehold leases in the county of Kildare, became involved in a Chancery suit regarding them, which ended in his ruin. His mother, whose maiden name was Lamport, was the daughter of a Captain of a vessel in the West India trade. Both his parents were ordinary persons. All their children were remarkable for a romantic spirit of enterprise. After specifying the early voyages and adventures of his three brothers, William, Matthew, and Arthur, and his sister Mary, he proceeds—

"I come now to myself.—I was, I have said, the eldest child of my parents, and a very great favourite. I was sent at the age of eight and nine to an excellent English school, kept by Lisson Darling, a man to whose kindness and affection I was much indebted, and who took more than common pains with me. I respect him yet. I was very idle, and it was only the fear of shame

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which could induce me to exertion. Nevertheless, at the approach of our public examinations, which were held quarterly, at which all my parents and friends attended, I used to labour for some time, and generally with success, as I have obtained six or seven premiums in different branches at our examinations, as mathematics, arithmetic, reading, spelling, recitation, use of the globes, &c. In two branches I always failed—writing, and the catechism, to which last I never could bring myself to apply. Having continued with Mr. Darling about three years, and pretty nearly exhausted the circle of English education, he recommended strongly to my father to put me to a Latin school, and to prepare me for the University, assuring him that I was a fine boy of uncommon talents, particularly for the mathematics; that it was a thousand pities to throw me away on business, when, by giving me a liberal education, there was a moral certainty I should become a Fellow of Trinity College, which was a noble independence, besides the glory of the situation. In these arguments he was supported by the parson of the parish, Dr. Jameson, a worthy man, who used to examine me from time to time in the Elements of Euclid. My father, who, to do him justice, loved me passionately, and spared no expense on me that his circumstances could afford, was easily persuaded by these authorities. It was determined I should be a Fellow of Trinity College. I was taken from Mr. Darling, from whom I parted with regret, and placed about the age of twelve under the care of the Reverend William Craig, a man very different in all respects from my late preceptor. As the school was in the same street (Stafford-street) where we lived, and I was under my father's eye, I began Latin with great ardour, and continued for a year or two with great diligence, when I began Greek, which I found still more to my taste. But about this time, whether unluckily for me or not the future colour of my life must determine, my father, who had for some years entirely neglected his business, and led a very dissipated and irregular life, meeting with an accident of a fall down stairs, by which he was dreadfully wounded in the head, so that he narrowly escaped with his life, found on his recovery his affairs so deranged in all respects, that he determined on quitting business, and retiring to the country; a resolution which he executed accordingly, settling with all his creditors, and placing me with a friend near the school, whom he paid for my diet and lodging, besides allowing me a trifling sum for my pocket. In this manner I became, I may say, my own master before I was sixteen; and as at this hour I am not remarkable for my discretion, it may be well judged I was less so then. The superintendence of my father being removed, I began to calculate that, according to the slow rate chalked out for me by Craig, I could very well do the business of the week in three days, or even two if necessary, and consequently that the other three were lawful prize: I therefore resolved to appropriate three days at least in the week to my amusements, and the others to school, always keeping in the latter three the day of repetition, which included the business of the whole week; by which arrangement I kept my rank with the other boys of my class. I found no difficulty in convincing half a dozen of my schoolfellows of the justice of this distribution of our time; and by this means we established a regular system of what is called *mitching*, and we contrived, being some of the smartest boys at school, to get an ascendancy over the spirit of the master, so that, when we entered the school in a body after one of our days of relaxation, he did not choose to burn his fingers with any of us, nor did he once write to my father to inform him of my proceedings: for which he most certainly was highly culpable. I must do myself and my schoolfellows the justice to say, that, though we were abominably idle, we were not vicious. Our amusements consisted in walking to the country, in swimming-parties in the sea, and particularly in attending all parades, field-days, and reviews of the garrison of Dublin in the Phoenix Park. I mention this particularly, because, independently of confirming me in a rooted habit of idleness, which I lament most exceedingly, I trace to the splendid appearance of the troops, and the pomp and parade of military show, the



untamable desire I have ever since had to become a soldier, a desire which has never since quitted me, and which, after sixteen years of various adventures, I am at last at liberty to indulge. Being at this time approaching seventeen years of age, it will not be thought incredible that women began to appear lovely in my eyes; and I very wisely thought that a red coat and cockade, with a pair of gold epaulettes, would aid me considerably in my approaches to the objects of my adoration. This, combined with the reasons above mentioned, decided me. I began to look on classical learning as nonsense, on a fellowship of Dublin College as a pitiful establishment; and, in short, I thought an ensign in a marching regiment was the happiest creature living. The hour when I was to enter the University, which now approached, I looked forward to with horror and disgust. I absented myself more and more from school, to which I preferred minding the recruits on drill at the barracks, so that at length my schoolmaster, who apprehended I should be found insufficient at the examination for entering the college, and that he in consequence would come in for his share of the disgrace, thought proper to do what he should have done at least three years before, and wrote my father a full account of my proceedings. This immediately produced a violent dispute between us. I declared my passion for the army, and my utter dislike to a learned profession; but my father was as obstinate as I, and, as he utterly refused to give me any assistance to forward my scheme, I had no resource but to submit, or to follow my brother William's example\*, which I was too proud to do. In consequence I sat down again with a very bad grace to pull up my lost time; and at length, after labouring for some time sorely against the grain, I entered a pensioner of Trinity College, in February 1781, being then not quite eighteen years of age. My tutor was the Rev. Matthew Young, the most popular in the University, and one of the first mathematicians in Europe. At first I began to study logic courageously, but unluckily, at my first examination, I happened to fall into the hands of an egregious dunce, one Ledwiche, who, instead of giving me the premium, which as best answerer I undoubtedly merited, awarded it to another, and to me very indifferent judgments. I did not stand in need of this piece of injustice to alienate me once more from my studies. I returned with eagerness to my military plan. I besought my father to equip me as a volunteer, and to suffer me to join the army in America, where the war still raged. He refused me, as before; and in revenge I would not go near the College, nor open a book that was not a military one. In this manner we continued about a twelvemonth on very bad terms, as may be well supposed, without either party relaxing an inch from their determination. At length, seeing the war in America drawing to a close, and being beset by some of my friends who surrounded me, particularly Dr. Jameson, whom I have already mentioned, and a Mr. G. J. Brown, who had been sub-master at Mr. Darling's academy, and was now become a lawyer, I submitted a second time and returned to my studies, after an interval of above a year. To punish me for my obstinacy, I was obliged to submit to *drop a class*, as it is called, in the University; that is, to recommence with the students who had entered a year after me. I continued my studies at college, as I had done at school; that is, I idled until the last moment of delay. I then laboured hard for about a fortnight before the public examinations; and I always secured good judgments, besides obtaining the premiums in the three last years of my course."

The two next years, 1783 and 1784, were chiefly dedicated to a hopeless passion. He formed an acquaintance with a married lady of rank, and, to his youthful fancy, of surpassing attractions: she had, he says, extraordinary talents for the stage, which she displayed on a private theatre, fitted up for the occasion in her own house. Young Tone,

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\* Who had run off to London at the age of sixteen, and enlisted as a volunteer in the East India Company's service.

"being somewhat of an actor," was invited to live in the house, and bear a part in the representations. The perilous familiarity of rehearsals, fainting scenes, &c. followed; and, "having an imagination easily warmed, without one grain of discretion to regulate it," he in due course fell desperately in love. We pass over the details, though there is nothing in them which would not bear to be published. He was miserable for two years, when an accidental dispute with the lady's husband separated him from her, and he never saw her more.

"But," he says, concluding this passage of his life, "if I suffered, as I did most severely by this unfortunate passion, I also reaped some benefit from it. The desire to render myself agreeable to a woman of elegant manners and a mind highly cultivated, induced me to attend to a thousand little things, and to endeavour to polish myself to a certain degree, so that, after the first transport of rage and grief at her loss had subsided, I considered myself on the whole as considerably improved; and as no human passion is proof against time and absence, in a few months I recovered my tranquillity."

A more permanent attachment quickly succeeded. The following is his brief, but characteristic account of his courtship and marriage.

"At length, about the beginning of the year 1785, I became acquainted with my wife. She was the daughter of William Witherington, and lived at that time in Grafton-street, in the house of her grandfather, a rich old clergyman of the name of Fanning. I was then a scholar of the house in the University, and every day after commons I used to walk under the windows with one or two of my fellow-students. I soon became passionately fond of her, and she also was struck with me, though certainly my appearance neither then (nor now) was much in my favour. So it was, however, that before we had ever spoken to each other, a mutual affection had commenced between us. She was at this time not sixteen years of age, and as beautiful as an angel. She had a brother some years older than herself. As it was necessary for my admission to the family that I should be first acquainted with him, I soon contrived to be introduced to him; and as he played well on the violin, and as I was myself a musical man, we soon grew intimate, the more so, as it may be well supposed I neglected no fair means to recommend myself to him and the rest of the family with whom I soon grew a favourite. My affairs now advanced prosperously; my wife and I grew more passionately fond of each other, and in a short time I proposed to her to marry me, without asking consent of any one, knowing well it would be in vain to expect it. She accepted the proposal as frankly as it was made, and *one beautiful morning in the month of July we ran off together and were married.* I carried her out of town to Maynooth for a few days; and when the first *eclat* of passion had subsided, we were forgiven on all sides, and settled in lodgings near my wife's grandfather. I was now for a very short time as happy as possible, in the possession of a beautiful creature that I adored, and who every hour grew more and more upon my heart. The scheme of a fellowship, which I never relished, was now abandoned; and it was determined that when I had taken my degree of bachelor of arts, I should go to the Temple to study the law, and be called to the Bar. I continued, in consequence, my studies in the University, and obtained my last premium two or three months after I was married. In February 1786 I commenced Bachelor of Arts, and shortly after I resigned my scholarship, and quitted the University. I may observe here that I made some figure as a scholar, and should have been much more successful if I had not been so inveterately idle,—partly owing to my passion for a military life, and partly to the distraction to which my natural disposition and temperament but too much exposed me. As it was, however, I obtained a scholarship, three premiums and three silver medals from the Historical Society, a most admirable institution, of which I had the honour to be auditor, and also to close the session

with a speech from the chair, the highest compliment which that Society is used to bestow. I look back upon my college days with regret, and I preserve, and ever shall, a most sincere affection for the University of Dublin."

Soon after his marriage, disputes having arisen between him and his wife's relations, he removed to his father's, who resided in the county of Kildare. The midnight rulers of Ireland were then as active, though probably less ferocious than at present. The following account of one of their domiciliary visits, which happened nearly forty years ago, has such a modern air about it, that one almost fancies one has already read the details in some of the recent despatches from the Rock districts. We extract it, as affording from the comparison of dates an edifying specimen of the stability of crime and danger, with which particular plans of government, heroically persevered in, are ever sure to be rewarded.

"After an interval of a few months, my wife was brought to bed of a girl, a circumstance which, if possible, increased my love for her a thousand-fold; but our tranquillity was again broken in upon by a most terrible event. On the night of the 16th of October 1786, the house was broken open by a gang of robbers, to the number of six, armed with pistols and having their faces blackened. Having tied the whole family, they proceeded to plunder and demolish every article they could find, even to the unprofitable villainy of breaking the china, looking-glasses, &c. At length, after two hours, a maid servant whom they had tied negligently having made her escape, they took the alarm, and fled with precipitation, leaving the house such a scene of horror and confusion, as can hardly be imagined. With regard to myself, it is impossible to conceive what I suffered. As it was early in the night, I happened to be in the court-yard, where I was seized and tied by the gang, who then proceeded to break into the house, leaving a ruffian sentinel over me with a case of pistols cocked in his hand. In this situation I lay for two hours, and could hear distinctly the devastation that was going on within. I expected death every instant, and can safely and with great truth declare, that my apprehension for my wife had so totally absorbed the whole of my mind, that my own existence was just then the least of my concern. When the villains, including my sentry, ran off, I scrambled on my feet with some difficulty, and made my way to a window, where I called, but received no answer. My heart died within me. I proceeded to another, and another, but still no answer. It was horrible. I set myself to gnaw the cords with which I was tied, in a transport of agony and rage; for I verily believed that my whole family lay murdered within, when I was relieved from my unspeakable horror and anguish by my wife's voice, which I heard calling on my name at the end of the house. It seems, as soon as the robbers fled, those within had untied themselves with great difficulty, and made their escape through a back window. They had got a considerable distance from the house, before, in their fright, they recollected me, of whose fate they were utterly ignorant, as I was of theirs. Under these terrible circumstances my wife had the courage to return, alone and in the dark, to find me out, not knowing but she might again fall into the hands of the villains from whom she had scarcely escaped, or that I might be lying a lifeless corpse at the threshold. I can imagine no greater effort of courage; but of what is not a woman capable, for him she truly loves? She cut the cords which bound me, and at length we joined the rest of the family at a little hamlet within half a mile of the house, whither they had fled for shelter. Of all the adventures wherein I have been hitherto engaged, this undoubtedly was the most horrible. It makes me shudder even now to think of it. It was some consolation that none of us sustained any personal injury, except my father, whom one of the villains scored on the side of the head with a knife. They respected the women, whose danger made my only fear; and one of them had even the humanity to carry our little daughter from her cradle, where she lay screaming, and to place



her beside my wife on the bed, wherein she was tied with my mother and sister. This terrible scene, besides infinitely distressing us otherwise by the heavy loss we sustained, and which my father's circumstances could very ill bear, destroyed in a great degree our domestic enjoyments. I slept continually with a case of pistols at my pillow; and a mouse could not stir but I was on my feet and through the house from top to bottom. If any one knocked after night-fall, we flew to our arms; and in this manner we kept a most painful garrison through the winter."

As soon as the family affairs had in some degree recovered from this disaster, his father supplied him with a small sum of money; and he set off for London, leaving his wife and child under the care of his father, who treated them, during his absence, with great affection. From this period the story increases in personal and general interest.

"I arrived in London in January 1787, and immediately entered my name as a student at law, on the books of the Middle Temple; but this, I may say, was all the progress I ever made in the profession. I had no affection for study in general; but that of the law I particularly disliked, and to this hour I think it an illiberal profession, both in its principles and practice. I was likewise answerable to nobody for my conduct; and in consequence, after the first month I never opened a law-book, nor was I ever three times in Westminster Hall in my life. In addition to the reasons I have mentioned, the extreme uncertainty of my circumstances, which kept me in much uneasiness of mind, disabled me totally from that cool and systematic habit of study which is indispensable for attaining a knowledge of a science so abstruse and difficult as that of the English Code. However, one way or another I contrived to make it out. I had chambers in the Temple (No. 4, Hare-court) on the first floor; and whatever difficulties I had otherwise to struggle with, I contrived always to preserve the appearance of a gentleman, and to maintain my rank with my fellow-students, 'if I can call myself a student. One resource I derived from the exercise of my talents, such as they were: I wrote several articles for the European Magazine, mostly critical reviews of new publications. My reviews were but poor performances enough; however, they were in general as good as those of my brother critics, and in two years I received, I suppose, about fifty pounds for my writings: which was my main object, for as to literary fame, I had then no great ambition to obtain it. I likewise, in conjunction with two of my friends, named Jebb and Radcliffe, wrote a burlesque novel, which we called Belmont Castle, and was intended to ridicule the execrable trash of the circulating libraries. It was tolerably well done, particularly Radcliffe's part, which was by far the best:—yet so it was, that we could not find a bookseller that would risk the printing of it, though we offered the copyright *gratis* to several. It was afterwards printed in Dublin, and had some success; but I believe, after all, it was most relished by the authors and their immediate connexions.

"At the Temple I became intimate with several young men of situation and respectability, particularly with the Honourable George Knox, son of Lord Northland, with whom I formed a friendship, of which I am as proud as of any circumstance of my life. He is a man of inappreciable merit, and loved to a degree of enthusiasm, by all who have the happiness to know him. I scarcely know any person whose esteem and approbation I covet so much; and I had long after the commencement of our acquaintance, when I was in circumstances of peculiar and trying difficulty, and deserted by many of my former friends, the unspeakable consolation and support of finding George Knox still the same, and preserving his esteem unabated. His steady friendship on that occasion I shall mention in its place—it has made an indelible impression of gratitude and affection on my heart. I likewise renewed an old college acquaintance with John Hall, who by different accessions to his fortune was now at the head of about fourteen thousand a-year. He had



changed his name twice for two estates; first to that of Stevenson, and then Wharton, which is his present name. He was then a member of the British Parliament, and to his friendship I was indebted for the sum of a hundred and fifty pounds at a time when I was under pecuniary difficulties. Another old college friend I recall with sentiments of sincere affection, Benjamin Phillips of Cork. He kept a kind of bachelor's house, with good wine and an excellent collection of books (*not law books*), all of which were as much at my command as at his. With some oddities, which to me only rendered him more amusing, he had a great fund of information, particularly of political detail; and in his company I spent some of the pleasantest hours which I passed in London. At length, after I had been at the Temple something better than a year, my brother William, who was returned a few months before from his first expedition to St. Helena, joined me, and we lived together in the greatest amity and affection for about nine months, being the remainder of my stay in London. At this distance of time (now eight years) I feel my heart swell at the recollection of the happy hours we spent together. We were often without a guinea; but that never affected our spirits for a moment; and if ever I felt myself depressed by any untoward circumstance, I had a never-failing resource and consolation in his friendship, his courage, and the invincible gaiety of his disposition, which nothing could ruffle. With the companionable qualities he possessed, it is no wonder he recommended himself to Ben Phillips, so that he was soon, I believe, a greater favourite with him than ever I was. They were inseparable. It fills my mind now with a kind of tender melancholy which is not unpleasing, to recall the many delightful days we three have spent together, and the walks we have taken, sometimes to a review, sometimes to see a ship of war launched, sometimes to visit the Indiamen at Deptford, a favourite expedition with Phillips. William, besides his natural gaiety, had an inexhaustible fund of pure Irish humour. I was pretty well myself, and Phillips, like the landlord of the "*Hercules Pillars*," was "*an excellent third man*." In short we made it out together admirably."

There is simplicity, and to us a good deal of interest, in all this. What follows is more immediately characteristic of the man and his future destiny, exhibiting, in a very striking point of view, that inordinate zeal for action which was so soon to connect his life and death with the public history of his country.

"As I foresaw by this time that I should never be Lord Chancellor, and as my mind was naturally active, a scheme occurred to me, to the maturing of which I devoted some time and study. This was a proposal to the minister to establish a colony in one of Cook's newly-discovered islands in the South Sea on a military plan (for all my ideas ran in that track), in order to put a bridle on Spain in time of peace, and to annoy her grievously in that quarter in time of war. In arranging this system, which I think even now was a good one for England, I read every book I could find relating to South America, as Ulloa, Anson, Dampier, Woodes, Rogers, Narborough, and especially the *Buccaneers*, who were my heroes, and whom I proposed to myself as the archetypes of the future colonists. Many and many a delightful evening did my brother, Phillips, and I spend in reading, writing, and talking of my project, in which, if it had been adopted, it was our firm resolution to have embarked. At length, when we had reduced it into a regular shape, I drew up a memorial on the subject, which I addressed to Mr. Pitt, and delivered with my own hands to the porter in Downing-street. We waited, I will not say patiently, for about ten days, when I addressed a letter to the minister, mentioning my memorial, and praying an answer; but this application was as unsuccessful as the former. Mr. Pitt took not the smallest notice of either memorial or letter; and all the benefit we reaped from our scheme was the amusement it afforded us during three months, in which it was the subject of our constant speculation. I regret those

delightful reveries which then occupied my mind. It was my first essay in what I may call politics, and my disappointment made such an impression on me as is not yet quite obliterated. In my anger I made something like a vow, that if ever I had an opportunity, I would make Mr. Pitt sorry, and perhaps fortune may yet enable me to fulfill my resolution. It was about this time that I had a very narrow escape. My affairs were exceedingly embarrassed; and just at a moment when my mind was harassed and sore with my own vexations, I received a letter from my father, filled with complaints, and a description of the ruin of his circumstances. In a transport of rage, I determined to enlist as a soldier in the India Company's service, to quit Europe for ever, and to leave my wife and child to the mercy of her family, who might, I hoped, be perhaps kinder to her when I was removed. My brother combated this desperate resolution by every argument in his power; but at length, when he saw me determined, he declared that I should not go alone, and that he would share my fate to the last extremity. In this gloomy state of mind, deserted as we thought by Gods and men, we set out together for the India House in Leadenhall-street, to offer ourselves as volunteers; but on our arrival there we were informed that the season was past, that no more ships would be sent out that year, but that, if we returned about the month of March following, we might be received. The *commis* to whom we addressed ourselves seemed not a little surprised at two young fellows of our appearance presenting ourselves on such a business; for we were extremely well dressed, and Will, who was the spokesman for us both, had an admirable address. Thus were we stopped; and I believe we were the single instance, since the beginning of the world, of two men absolutely bent on ruining themselves, who could not find the means. We returned to my chambers, and, desperate as were our fortunes, we could not help laughing at the circumstance that India, the great gulf of all undone beings, should be shut against us alone. Had it been the month of March instead of September, we should most infallibly have gone off; and in that case I should most probably at this hour be carrying a brown musket on the coast of Coromandel. Providence, however, decreed it otherwise, and reserved me, as I hope, for better things."

Having completed his terms at the Temple, he caused an application to be made to his wife's grandfather to learn his intentions as to her fortune. The old gentleman consented to give 500*l.* and expressed a wish for Tone's immediate return.

"In consequence I packed up directly, and set off with my brother for Ireland. We landed in Dublin the 23d December, and on Christmas-day 1788 arrived at my father's house at Blackhall, where I had the satisfaction to find all my family in health, except my wife, who was grown delicate principally from the anxiety of her mind on the uncertainty of her situation. Our little girl was now between two and three years old, and was charming. After remaining a few days at Blackhall, we came up to Dublin, and were received as at first, in Grafton-street, by my wife's family. Mr. Fanning paid me punctually the sum he had promised, and my wife and I flattered ourselves that all past animosities were forgotten. I now took lodgings in Clarendon-street, purchased about a hundred pounds worth of law-books, and determined in earnest to begin and study the profession to which I was doomed. In pursuance of this resolution, I commenced Bachelor of Laws in February 1789, and was called to the Bar in due form the Trinity Term following; shortly after which I went my first (the Leinster) circuit, having been previously elected a member of the law club. On this circuit, notwithstanding my ignorance, I pretty nearly cleared my expenses, and I cannot doubt, if I had continued to apply sedulously to the law, that I might have risen to some eminence; but, whether it was my incorrigible habit of idleness, or the sincere dislike I had to the profession, which the little insight I was beginning to get into it did not tend to remove, or whether it was a controlling

destiny I know not, but so it was, that I soon got sick and weary of the law. I continued, however, for form's sake to go to the courts, and wear a foolish wig and gown for a considerable time ; and I went the circuit, I believe, in all three times ; but as I was, modestly speaking, one of the most ignorant barristers in the Four Courts, and as I took little or rather no pains to conceal my contempt and dislike of the profession, and especially as I had neither the means nor the inclination to treat Messrs. the attorneys, and to make them drink (a sacrifice of their respectability which even the most liberal-minded of the profession are obliged to make) I made, as well it may be supposed, no great exhibition at the Irish Bar."

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"As the law grew every day more and more disgusting, to which my want of success contributed, though in that respect I never had the injustice to accuse the world of insensibility to my merit, as I well knew the fault was my own, but being, as I said, more and more weary of a profession for which my temper and habits so utterly disqualified me, I turned my attention to politics ; and as one or two of my friends had written pamphlets with success, I determined to try my hand on a pamphlet :—just at the period the Whig Club was instituted in Ireland, and the press groaned with publications against them on the part of Government. Two or three 'Defences' had likewise appeared, but none of them extraordinary. Under these circumstances, though I was very far from entirely approving the system of the Whig Club, and much less their principles and motives, yet seeing them at the time the best-constituted political body which the country afforded, and agreeing with most of their positions, though my own private opinions went infinitely farther, I thought I could venture on their defence without violating my own consistency. I therefore sat down, and in a few days finished my first pamphlet, which I entitled 'A Review of the last Session of Parliament.' To speak candidly of this performance, it was barely above mediocrity,—if it rose so high ; nevertheless, as it was written evidently on honest principles, and did not censure or flatter one party or the other without assigning sufficient reason, it had a certain degree of success. 'The Northern Whig Club' reprinted and distributed a large impression at their own expense, with an introduction highly complimentary to the author, whom at that time they did not even know ; and a very short time after, when it was known that the production was mine, they did me the honour to elect me a member of their body, which they notified to me by a very handsome letter signed by their secretary, Henry Joy, Jun. of Belfast, and to which I returned a suitable answer. But this was not all. The leaders of the Whig Club, conceiving my talents, such as they were, might be of service to their cause, and not expecting much intractability from a young lawyer who had his fortune to make, sent a brother barrister to compliment me on my performance, and to thank me for the zeal and ability I had shewn. I was in consequence introduced to George Ponsonby, a distinguished member of the body, and who might be considered as the leader of the Irish Opposition. With him, however, I never had any communication further than ordinary civilities. Shortly after the barrister above-mentioned spoke to me again. He told me the Ponsonbys were a most powerful family in Ireland, that they were much pleased with my exertion, and wished in consequence to attach me to them ; that I

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\* The fatal issue of Wolfe Tone's career may be ultimately attributed to his ignorance of one of the most notorious maxims of the English law on the doctrine of allegiance. Previous to the action of Lough-Swilly, and while Admiral Warren was bearing down with a greatly superior force upon the French fleet, a fast-sailing French brig hove alongside the *Hoche*, and sent a boat aboard to carry off Tone and the other united Irishmen. All but Tone escaped. He could not be persuaded to accompany his friends. He had taken up the notion that his commission in the French army would operate as a legal defence to a prosecution for high treason. He attempted to avail himself of the plea upon his trial, but of course ineffectually.



should be employed as counsel on a petition then pending before the House of Commons, which would put an hundred guineas in my pocket; and that I should have professional business put in my way from time to time that should produce me at least as much per annum. He added that they were then, it was true, out of place, but that they would not be always so, and that on their return to office, their friends, when out of power, would naturally be first considered. He likewise observed that they had influence, direct or indirect, over no less than two and twenty seats in parliament; and he insinuated pretty plainly, that when we were better acquainted, it was highly probable I might come in for one of the first vacancies. All this was highly flattering to me, the more so as my wife's fortune was now nearly exhausted, partly by our inevitable expenses, and partly by my unsuccessful efforts to extricate my father. I did, it was true, not much relish the attaching myself to any great man or set of men; but I considered, as I have said before, that the principles they advanced were such as I could conscientiously support, *so far as they went*, though mine went much beyond them. I therefore thought there was no dishonour in the proposed connexion; and I was certainly dazzled at the prospect of a seat in parliament, at which my ambition began to expand. I signified, in consequence, my readiness to attach myself to the Whigs, and I was instantly retained, on the petition for the borough of Dungannon, on the part of James Carrigen Ponsonby, Esq. I now looked upon myself as a sort of political character, and began to suppose that the House of Commons, and not the Bar, was to be the scene of my future exertions. But in this I reckoned like a sanguine young man. Month after month elapsed without any communication on the part of George Ponsonby, whom I looked upon as most immediately my object. He always spoke to me, when we met by chance, with great civility; but I observed that he never mentioned one word of politics. I therefore at last concluded that he had changed his mind, or that, on a nearer view, he had found my want of capacity. In short, I gave up all thoughts of the connexion, and determined to trouble myself no more about Ponsonby or the Whigs; and I calculated that I had written a pamphlet which they thought had served them, and that they had in consequence employed me professionally in a business which produced me eighty guineas. Accounts were balanced on both sides, and all further connexion was at an end. But my mind had now got a turn for politics. I thought I had at last found my element, and I plunged into it with eagerness. A closer examination into the situation of my native country had very considerably extended my views; and, as I was sincerely and honestly attached to her interests, I soon found reason not to regret that the Whigs had not thought me an object worthy of their cultivation. I made speedily, what was to me a very great discovery, though I might have found it in Swift and Molyneux, that the influence of England was the radical vice of our government, and consequently, that Ireland would never be either free, prosperous, or happy, until she was independent, and that independence was unattainable while the connexion with England lasted. In forming this theory, which has ever since unvaryingly directed my political conduct, to which I have sacrificed every thing, and am ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, I was exceedingly assisted by an old friend of mine, whom I look upon as one of the very *very* few honest men in the Irish House of Commons. It was he who first turned my attention to this great question, but I very soon ran far ahead of my master. It is in fact to him I am indebted for the first comprehensive view of the actual situation of Ireland. What his conduct might be in a crisis, I know not; but I can answer for the truth and justice of his theory.

"I now began to look on the little politics of the Whig Club with great contempt—their piddling about petty grievances, instead of going to the root of the evil: and I rejoiced that if I was poor, as I was actually, I had preserved my independence, and could speak my sentiments without being responsible to any body but the law. An occasion soon offered to give vent to my newly

received opinions. On the appearance of a rupture with Spain, I wrote a pamphlet to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war, but might and ought, as an independent nation, to stipulate for a neutrality. In examining this question, I advanced the question of separation with scarcely any reserve, much less disguise. But the public mind was by no means so far advanced as I was, and my pamphlet made not the smallest impression. The day after it appeared, as I stood *perdu* in the bookseller's shop, listening after my own reputation, Sir Harry Cavendish, a notorious slave of the House of Commons, entered, and throwing my unfortunate pamphlet on the counter in a rage, exclaimed, '*Mr. Byrne, if the author of that work is serious, he ought to be hanged.*' Sir Harry was succeeded by a Bishop, an English doctor of divinity, with five or six thousand a year laboriously earned in the church. His Lordship's anger was not much less than that of the other personage. '*Sir,*' said he, '*if the principles of that abominable work were spread, do you know that you would have to pay for your coals at the rate of five pounds a ton?*' Notwithstanding these criticisms, which I have faithfully quoted against myself, I continue to think my pamphlet a good one; but, apparently, the publisher, Mr. Byrne, was of a different opinion, for I have reason to believe that he suppressed the whole impression, 'for which his own G——ds damn him!'"

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#### THE WIND.

THE Wind has a language I would I could learn:  
 Sometimes 'tis soothing, and sometimes 'tis stern,  
 —Sometimes it comes like a low, sweet song,  
 And all things grow calm, as the sound floats along,  
 And the forest is lull'd by the dreamy strain,  
 And slumber sinks down on the wandering main,  
 And its crystal arms are folded in rest,  
 And the tall ship sleeps on its heaving breast.

Sometimes, when Autumn grows yellow and sear,  
 And the sad clouds weep for the dying year,  
 It comes like a wizard, and mutters its spell,  
 —I would that the magical tones I might tell—  
 And it beckons the leaves with its viewless hand,  
 And they leap from the branches at its command,  
 And follow its footsteps with wheeling feet,  
 Like fairies that dance in the moonlight sweet.

Sometimes it comes in the wintry night,  
 And I hear the flap of its pinions of might,  
 And I see the flash of its withering eye,  
 As it looks from the thunder-cloud sailing on high,  
 And pauses to gather its fearful breath,  
 And lifts up its voice, like the angel of death,—  
 And the billows leap up when the summons they hear,  
 And the ship flies away, as if winged with fear,  
 And the uncouth creatures that dwell in the deep,  
 Start up at the sound from their floating sleep,  
 And career through the waters, like clouds through the night,  
 To share in the tumult their joy and delight,—  
 And when the moon rises, the ship is no more,  
 Its joys and its sorrows are vanish'd and o'er,  
 And the fierce storm that slew it, has faded away,  
 Like the dark dream that flies from the light of the day!

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.\*

OUR last extracts terminated with the premature fate of Tone's second pamphlet. He consoled himself with the quotation "*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni*," and thus resumes the narrative.

"About this time it was that I formed an acquaintance with my invaluable friend Russell, a circumstance which I look upon as one of the most fortunate of my life. He is a man whom I love as a brother. I will not here attempt a panegyric on his merits. It is sufficient to say, that to an excellent understanding he joins the purest principles and the best of hearts. I wish I had ability to delineate his character with justice to his talents and his virtues. He well knows how much I esteem and love him; and I think there is no sacrifice that friendship could exact that we would not with cheerfulness make for each other to the utmost hazard of life or fortune. There cannot be imagined a more perfect harmony, I may say identity of sentiment, than exists between us. I think the better of myself for being the object of the esteem of such a man as Russell. I love him, and I honour him. I frame no system of happiness for my future life in which the enjoyment of his society does not form a most distinguishing feature; and if I am ever inclined to murmur at the difficulties with which I have so long struggled, I think of the inestimable treasure I possess in the affection of my wife and the friendship of Russell, and I acknowledge that all my labours and sufferings are overpaid. I may truly say that even at this hour when I am separated from both of them, and uncertain whether I may ever be so happy as to see them again, there is no action of my life which has not a remote reference to their opinion, which I equally prize. When I think that I have acted well, and that I am likely to succeed in the important business wherein I am engaged, I say often to myself 'My dearest love, and my friend Russell will be glad of this.'—But to return to my history. My acquaintance with Russell commenced by an argument in the gallery of the House of Commons. He was at that time enamoured of the Whigs. We were struck with each other notwithstanding the difference of our opinion, and we agreed to dine together the next day to discuss the question. We liked each other better the second day than the first, and every day has increased and confirmed our mutual esteem. My wife's health continuing still delicate, she was ordered by her physicians to bathe in the salt water. I hired in consequence a little box of a house at Irish-town on the sea-side, where we spent the summer of 1790. Russell and I were inseparable, and as our discussions were mostly political, and our sentiments agreed exactly, we extended our views, and fortified each other in the opinions, to the propagation and establishment of which we have ever since been devoted. I recall with transport the happy days we spent together during that period—the delicious dinners, in the preparation of which my wife, Russell and myself were all engaged—the afternoon walks—the discussions we have had as we lay stretched on the grass. It was delightful. Sometimes Russell's venerable father, a veteran of nearly seventy, with the courage of a hero, the serenity of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint, used to visit our little mansion, and that day was a fête. My wife doted on the old man, and he loved her like one of his children. I will not attempt, because I am unable, to express the veneration and regard I had for him; and I am sure, next to his own sons, and scarcely below them, he loved and esteemed me. Russell's brother John, too, used to visit us—a man of a most warm and affectionate heart, and incontestably of the most companionable talents I ever met. His humour, which was pure and natural, flowed in an inexhaustible stream. He had not the strength of character of my friend Tom, but for the charms of conversation he excelled him, and all the world beside. Sometimes too my brother William used to join us for a week from



the county of Kildare, where he resided with my brother Matthew, who had lately commenced a cotton-manufacturer at Prosperous in that county. I have already mentioned the convivial talents he possessed. In short, when the two Russells, my brother and I were assembled, it is impossible to conceive a happier society. I know not whether our wit was perfectly classical. If it was not sterling, at least it passed current among ourselves. If I may judge, we were none of us destitute of the humour indigenous in the soil of Ireland. For three of us I can answer. They possessed it in an eminent degree. Add to this, I was the only one of the four who was not a poet, or at least a maker of verses, so that every day produced a ballad, or some poetical squib, which amused us after dinner; and as our conversation turned upon no ribaldry or indecency, my wife or sister never left the table. These were delicious days. The rich and great who sit down every day to the monotony of a splendid entertainment, can form no idea of the happiness of our frugal meal, nor of the infinite pleasure we found in taking each his part in the preparation and attendance. My wife was the centre and the soul of all. I scarcely know which of us loved her most. Her courteous manners, her goodness of heart, her incomparable humour, her never-failing cheerfulness, her affection for me and for my children, rendered her an object of our common admiration and delight. She loved Russell as well as I did. In short, a more interesting society of individuals, connected by purer motives and animated by a more ardent attachment and friendship for each other, cannot be imagined.

“During this summer there were strong appearances of a rupture between England and Spain, relative to Nootka Sound. I had mentioned to Russell my project for a military colony in the South Seas, and as we had both nothing better to do, we sat down to look over my papers and memoranda regarding that business. After some time, rather to amuse ourselves than with an expectation of its coming to any thing, we enlarged and corrected my original plan, and having dressed a handsome memorial on the subject, I sent it inclosed in a letter to the Duke of Richmond, then Master of the Ordnance. I thought we should hear no more about it, but we were not a little surprised when a few days after I received an answer from his Grace, in which, after speaking with great civility of the merits of my plan, he informed me that such business was out of his department, but that, if I desired it, he would deliver my memorial and recommend it to the notice of Lord Grenville, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose business it properly was. I immediately wrote him an answer of acknowledgment, entreating him to support my plan, and by the same post I wrote also to Lord Grenville. In a few days I received answers from them both, informing me that the memorial had been received by Lord Grenville, and should be taken into speedy consideration, when, if any measures were to be adopted in consequence, I might depend upon receiving farther information. These letters we looked upon as leaving it barely possible that something might be done in the business, though very unlikely—and so indeed it proved—for shortly afterwards a kind of peace, called a Convention, was agreed upon between Spain and England, on which I wrote once more to Lord Grenville, inclosing a second memorial in order to learn his determination, when I received a very civil answer praising my plan, &c. and informing me that existing circumstances had rendered it unnecessary at that time to put it in execution, but that ministers would keep it in recollection. Thus ended for the second time my attempt to colonize in the South Seas, a measure which I still think might be attended with the most beneficial consequences to England. I keep all the papers relating to this business, including the originals of the ministers' letters, and I have likewise copied them in a 4to book, marked to which I refer for farther information. It was singular enough this correspondence, continued by two of the King of England's cabinet ministers at St. James's on the one part, and Russell and myself from my little box at Irish-town on the other part. If the measure I proposed had

been adopted, we were both determined on going out with the expedition, in which case instead of planning revolutions in our own country, we might be now perhaps carrying on a political war (for which I think we had both talents) on the coast of Spanish America. This adventure is an additional proof of the romantic spirit I have mentioned in the beginning of my memoirs as a trait in our family; and indeed my friend Russell was in that respect completely one of ourselves. The minister's refusal did not sweeten us much towards him. I renewed the vow I had once more made, to make him, if I could, repent of it, in which Russell heartily concurred. Perhaps the minister may yet have reason to wish he had let us off quietly to the South Seas. I should be glad to have an opportunity to remind him of his old correspondent; and if ever I find one, I shall not overlook it. I dare say he has utterly forgotten the circumstance, but I have not. 'Every thing, however, is for the best,' as Pangloss says, 'in this best of all possible worlds.' If I had gone to the Sandwich Islands in 1790, I should not be to-day *chef de brigade* in the service of the French Republic, not to mention what I may be in my own country if our expedition thither succeed. But to return. Shortly after this disappointment, Russell, who had for two years revelled in the ease and dignity of ensign's half-pay, amounting to twenty-eight pounds a-year, which he had earned before he was twenty-one by broiling in the East Indies for five years, was unexpectedly promoted by favour of the commander-in-chief to an ensigncy on full pay in the 64th regiment of foot, then quartered in the town of Belfast. He put himself in consequence in better array, and prepared to join. I remember the last day he dined with us at Irish-town, when he came (to use his own quotation) 'all *cliquant*, all in gold.' We set him to cook part of his own dinner in a very fine suit of laced regimentals. I love to recall these scenes. We parted with the sincerest regret on both sides. He set off for Belfast, and shortly after we returned to Dublin for the winter—my wife's health being perfectly re-established, as she manifested by being in due time brought to bed of our eldest boy, whom we called William after my brother.

"This winter I endeavoured to institute a kind of political club, from which I expected great things. It consisted of seven or eight members, eminent for their talents and patriotism, and who had already more or less distinguished themselves by their literary productions. They were J—— S——, fellow of Trinity College; Doctor William Drennan, author of the celebrated letters signed Orellana; J—— P——, author of the still more justly celebrated letters of Owen Roe O'Neal; Peter Burrowes, a barrister, a man of a most powerful and comprehensive mind; W—— J——, a lawyer also of respectable talents; W—— S——, fellow of Trinity College, a man the extent and variety of whose knowledge is only to be exceeded by the number and intensity of his virtues; Russell, a corresponding member, and myself. As our political opinions at that time agreed in most essential points, however they have since differed, and as this little club most certainly comprised a great proportion of information, talent and integrity, it might naturally be expected that some distinguished politicians should be the result. Yet, I know not how it was, we did not draw all together. Our meetings degenerated into downright ordinary suppers. We became a mere oyster-club, and at length a misunderstanding, or rather a rooted dislike to each other, which manifested itself between Drennan and P——, who were completely Cæsar and Pompey with regard to literary empire, joined to the retreat of J—— S—— to his living in the North, and the little good we saw resulting from our association, induced us to drop off one by one; and thus, after three or four months sickly existence, our club departed this life, leaving behind it a puny offspring of about a dozen essays on different subjects, all, as may be supposed, tolerable, but not one of any distinguished excellence. I am satisfied any one of the members by devoting a week of his time to a well-chosen subject would have produced a work of ten times more value than their whole club were able to shew from their joint labours during its exist-



ence. This experiment satisfied me that men of genius, to be of use, must not be collected in numbers. They do not work well in the aggregate; and indeed even in ordinary conversation I have observed that too many wits spoil the discourse. The dullest entertainment at which I ever remember to have assisted, was one framed expressly to bring together near twenty persons, every one more or less distinguished for splendid talents, or great convivial qualities. We sat and prosed together in great solemnity, endeavouring by a rapid circulation of the bottle to animate the discourse; but it would not do; every one was clad in a suit of intellectual armour, in which he found himself secure, it is true, but ill at his ease; and we all rejoiced at the moment when we were permitted to run home, and get into our *robes-de-chambre* and slippers. Any two of the men present would have been the delight and entertainment of a well-chosen society, but all together was as Wolseley says 'too much honour.'

"In recording the names of the members of the club, I find I have omitted a man, whom as well for his talents as his principles I esteem as much as any, and far more than most of them. I mean Thomas Addis Emmett, a barrister. He is a man completely after my own heart, of a great and comprehensive mind, of the warmest and sincerest affection for his friends, and of a firm and steady adherence to his principles, to which he has sacrificed much, as I know, and would, I am sure, if necessary, sacrifice his life. His opinions and mine square exactly. In classing the men I most esteem, I would place him beside Russell at the head of the list; because with regard to them both the most ardent feelings of my heart coincide exactly with the most severe decisions of my judgment. There are men whom I regard as much as it is possible, I am sure; for example, if there be on earth such a thing as sincere friendship, I feel it for W—— S——, for George Knox, and for Peter Burrowes. They are men whose talents I admire, whose virtues I reverence, and whose persons I love; but the regard I feel for them, sincere and affectionate as it is, is certainly not of the same species with that which I entertain for Russell and Emmett. Between us three there has been from the very commencement of our acquaintance a coincidence of sentiment and harmony of feeling on points which we all conscientiously consider as of the last importance, which binds us in the closest ties to each other. We have unvaryingly been devoted to the pursuit of the same object by the same means. We have had a fellowship in our labours, a society in our dangers. Our hopes, our fears, our wishes, our friends, and our enemies, have been the same. When all this is considered, and the talents and principles of the men taken into the account, it will not be wondered at if I esteem Russell and Emmett as the first of my friends. If ever an opportunity offers, as circumstances at present seem likely to bring me forward, I think their country will ratify my choice. With regard to Burrowes and Knox, whom I do most sincerely and affectionately love, their political opinions differ fundamentally from mine; and, perhaps, it is for the credit of us all three, that, with such an irreconcilable difference of sentiment, we have all along preserved a mutual regard and esteem for each other, and at least I am sure I feel it particularly honourable to myself; for there are, perhaps, no two men in the world about whose good opinion I am more solicitous; nor shall I ever forget the steady and unvarying friendship I experienced from them both when my situation was to all human appearances utterly desperate, and when others, with at least as little reason to desert me, shunned me as if I had the red spots of the plague out upon me. But of that hereafter. With regard to N——, his political sentiments approach nearer to mine than those of either Knox or Burrowes. I mention this, for in these days of unbounded discussion politics, unfortunately, enter into every thing, even into our private friendships. We, however, differ on many material points, and we differ on principles which do honour to N——'s heart. With an acute feeling of the degradation of his country, and a just and generous indignation against her oppressors, the tenderness and humanity of his nature is such, that he



recoils from any measures to be attempted for her emancipation which may terminate in blood. In this respect I have not the virtue to imitate him. I must observe that, with this perhaps extravagant anxiety for the lives of others, I am sure, in any cause which satisfied his conscience, no man would be more prodigal of his own life. 'But what he would highly, that would he holily;' and I am afraid that in the present state of affairs, that is a thing utterly impossible. I love N—— most sincerely, and I am sure it will not hurt the self-love of any one of the friends I have recorded when I say, in the full force of the phrase, I look upon N—— as *the very best man* I have ever known. Now that I am upon the subject I must observe, that in the choice of my friends I have all my life been extremely fortunate. I hope I am duly sensible of the infinite value of their esteem, and I take the greatest pride in being able to say that I have preserved that esteem, even of those from whom I most materially differed on points of the last importance, and on occasions of peculiar difficulty, and this too without any sacrifice of consistency or principle on either side—a circumstance which, however, redounds still more to their credit than to mine. But to return to my history from this long digression, on which, however, I dwell with affection, exiled as I am from the inestimable friends I have mentioned, and from others whom I regard not less, of whom I am about to speak. It is a consolation to my soul to dwell upon their merits, and the sincere and animated affection I feel for them. God knows whether we shall ever meet; or, if we do, how many of us may survive the contest in which we are by all appearance about to embark. If it be my lot for one to fall, I leave behind me this small testimony of my regard for them, written under circumstances which I think may warrant its sincerity."

We shall scarcely apologise for the length of the preceding extract. As the mere loquacity of friendship, were the writer a common person, the subject might be of little interest to the general reader. But in the present case it is otherwise. All the accounts that have reached us of Wolfe Tone confirm his own representations of himself as a man of ardent and generous emotions. The list of friends whom he fondly enumerates, are, in this respect, so many witnesses to character. We cannot question his private titles to their regard, while of his claims to general respect for his abilities he has left abundant proofs. In this point of view it becomes a matter of political instruction, to have our attention directed to, and seriously detained upon the merits of the laws and institutions which could have exasperated a person of so many virtues and talents (and how many resembling him in character partook of his example and his fate!) into enthusiastic and inveterate hostility. He has himself presented us with a vivid sketch of the system of government upon which he grounds his justification. It is an important passage in these memoirs, and not the less as coming from an avowed enemy, who frankly and minutely discloses the views and motives and means with which an obscure political adventurer, by the mere force of his talents and indignation, could have contributed so mainly to the production of a formidable civil war. Under this aspect the political confessions of Theobald Wolfe Tone have unfortunately a continuing interest and application, which those who best know the present state of Ireland will be the first to admit.

"The French Revolution had now been about twelve months in its progress. At its commencement, as the first emotions are generally honest, every one was in its favour; but after some time the probable consequences to monarchy and aristocracy began to be seen, and the partisans of both to retrench considerably in their admiration. At length Mr. Burke's famous

invective appeared, and this in due season produced Pain's reply, which he called "The Rights of Man." This controversy, and the gigantic events which gave rise to it, changed in an instant the politics of Ireland. Two years before, the nation was in a lethargy. The puny efforts of the Whig Club, miserable and defective as their system was, were the only appearance of any thing like exertion; and he was looked upon as extravagant who thought of a parliamentary reform, against which, by-the-by, all parties equally set their faces. I have already mentioned that, in those days of apathy and depression, I made an unsuccessful blow at the supremacy of England by my pamphlet on the expected rupture with Spain, and I have also fairly mentioned that I found nobody who ventured to second my attempt, or paid the least attention to the doctrine I endeavoured to disseminate. But the rapid succession of events, and, above all, the explosion which had taken place in France, and blown into the elements a despotism rooted for fourteen centuries, had thoroughly aroused all Europe, and the eyes of every man in every quarter were turned anxiously on the French National Assembly. In England, Burke had the triumph completely to decide the public, fascinated by an eloquent publication, which flattered so many of their prejudices, and animated by their unconquerable hatred of France, which no change of circumstances could alter. The whole English nation, it may be said, retracted from their first decision in favour of the glorious and successful efforts of the French people. They sickened at the prospect of the approaching liberty and happiness of that mighty people. They calculated as merchants the probable effects which the energy of regenerated France might have on their commerce. They rejoiced when they saw the combination of despots formed to restore the ancient system, and, perhaps, to dismember the monarchy; and they waited with impatience for an occasion which, happily for humanity, they soon found, when they might with some appearance of decency engage in person in the infamous contest. But matters were quite different in Ireland—an oppressed, insulted, and plundered nation. As we all knew experimentally what it was to be enslaved, we sympathized most sincerely with the French people, and watched their progress to freedom with the utmost anxiety. We had not, like England, a prejudice rooted in our nature against France. As the revolution advanced, and as events expanded themselves, the public spirit of Ireland rose with a rapid acceleration. The fears and animosities of the aristocracy rose in the same, or in a still higher proportion. In a little time the French revolution became the test of every man's creed, and the nation was fairly divided into two great parties, the Aristocrats and the Democrats, (epithets borrowed from France,) who have since been measuring each other's strength, and carrying on a kind of smothered war, which the course of events, it is highly probable, may soon call into energy and action. It is needless, I believe, to say that I was a democrat from the very commencement; and as all the retainers of government, including the sages and judges of the law, were of course on the other side, this gave the *coup-de-grace* to any expectation, if any such I had, of my succeeding at the bar, for I soon became pretty notorious. But, in fact, I had for some time renounced all hope, and I may say all desire of succeeding in a profession which I always disliked, and which the political prostitution of its members (though otherwise men of high honour and great personal worth,) had taught me sincerely to despise. I therefore seldom went near the Four-Courts; nor did I adopt any of the means, and least of all the study of the law, which are successfully adopted by those young men whose object it is to rise in their profession.

"As I came about this period rather more forward than I had hitherto done, it is necessary for the understanding of my history, to take a rapid survey of the state of parties in Ireland; that is to say, of the members of the Established religion—the Dissenters—and the Catholics.

"The first party, whom, for distinction-sake, I call the Protestants, though

not above the tenth of the population, were in the possession of the whole of the government, and of five-sixths of the landed property of the nation. They were, and had been for above a century, in quiet possession of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations; in a word, of the whole patronage of Ireland. With properties, whose titles were founded on massacre and plunder, and being, as it were, but a colony of foreign usurpers in the land, they saw no security for their persons and estates but in a close connexion with England, who profited of their fears, and, as the price of her protection, exacted the implicit surrender of the commerce and the liberties of Ireland. Different events, particularly the revolution in America, had enabled and emboldened the other two parties, of whom I am about to speak, to hurry the Protestants into measures highly disagreeable to England, and beneficial to their country, but in which, from accidental circumstances, they durst not refuse to concur. The spirit of the corps, however, remained unchanged, as they have manifested on every occasion since, which chance offered them. This party, therefore, so powerful by their property and influence, were implicitly devoted to England, which they esteemed necessary for the security of their existence. They adopted, in consequence, the sentiments and the language of the British Cabinet. They dreaded and abhorred the principles of the French Revolution, and were, in one word, an *aristocracy* in the fullest and most odious extent of the term.

“The Dissenters, who formed the second party, were at least twice as numerous as the first. Like them, they were a colony of foreigners in their origin; but being mostly engaged in trade and manufactures, with a few overgrown landed properties among them, they did not, like them, feel that a slavish dependence on England was essential to their very existence. Strong in their numbers and in their courage, they felt that they were able to defend themselves, and they soon ceased to consider themselves as any other than Irishmen. It was the Dissenters who composed the flower of the famous volunteer army of 1782, which extorted from the English minister the restoration of what is affected to be called the Constitution of Ireland. It was they who first promoted and continued the demand of a parliamentary reform, in which, however, they were baffled by the superior address and chicanery of the aristocracy; and it was they, finally, who were the first to stand forward in the most decided and unqualified manner in support of the principles of the French Revolution.

“The Catholics, who comprised the third party, were above two-thirds of the nation, and formed, perhaps, a still greater proportion. They embraced the entire peasantry of three provinces. They constituted a considerable portion of the mercantile interest; but from the tyranny of the penal laws, enacted at different times against them, they possessed but a very small portion of the landed property, perhaps not a fifth part of the whole. It is not my intention here to give a detail of that execrable and infamous code, framed with the art and the malice of devils, to plunder and degrade and brutalize the Catholics. Suffice it to say, that there was no injustice, no disgrace, no disqualification, moral, political, or religious, civil or military, that was not heaped upon them. It is with difficulty that I restrain myself from entering into the abominable detail; but it is the less necessary, as it is to be found in so many publications of the day. This horrible system, pursued for above a century with unrelenting acrimony and perseverance, had wrought its full effects, and had, in fact, reduced the great body of the Catholic peasantry of Ireland to a situation, morally and physically speaking, below that of the beasts of the field. The spirit of their few remaining gentry was broken, and their minds degraded. It was only in the class of their merchants and traders, and a few members of the medical profession, who had smuggled an education in despite of the penal code, that any thing like political sensation existed. Such was pretty nearly the situation of the three great parties at the commencement of the French Revolution; and certainly a much more gloomy prospect could not well present itself to the eyes of any friend of



liberty and his country. But as the luminary of truth and freedom in France advanced rapidly to its meridian splendour, the public mind in Ireland was proportionably illuminated. And to the honour of the Dissenters of Belfast be it said, that they were the first to reduce to practice the newly-received principles, and to shew, by being just, that they were deserving to be free. The dominion of England in Ireland had been begun and continued in the disunion of the great sects which divided the latter country. In effectuating this disunion, the Protestant party were the willing instruments, as they saw clearly that if ever the Dissenters and Catholics were to discover their true interests, and, forgetting their former dissensions, were to unite cordially and make common cause, the downfall of English supremacy, and, of course, of their own unjust monopoly, would be the necessary and immediate consequence. They, therefore, laboured continually, and for a long time successfully, to keep the other two sects asunder; and the English government had even the address to persuade the Catholics that the non-execution of the penal laws, which, in fact, were too atrocious to be enforced in their full vigour, was owing to their clemency; that the Protestants and Dissenters, but especially the latter, were the enemies, and themselves in effect the protectors of the Catholic people. Under this arrangement the machine of government moved forward on carpet-ground; but the time was at length come when the system of iniquity was to tumble in the dust, and the day of truth and reason to commence. So far back as the year 1783 the volunteers of Belfast had instructed their deputies to the Convention, held in Dublin for the purpose of framing a parliamentary reform, to support the equal admission of the Catholics to the rights of free-men. In this instance of liberality they were then almost alone, for it is their fate, in political wisdom, ever to be in advance of their countrymen. It was sufficient, however, to alarm the Government, who immediately procured from Lord Kenmare, at that time esteemed the leader of the Catholics, a solemn disavowal, in the name of the body, of any wish to be restored to their long-lost rights. Prostrate as the Catholics were at that period, this last insult was too much. They instantly assembled their general committee, and disavowed Lord Kenmare and his disavowal, observing at the same time that they were not framed so differently from all other men as to be in love with their own degradation. The majority of the Volunteer Convention, however, resolved to consider the infamous declaration of Lord Kenmare as the voice of the Catholics of Ireland; and in consequence the emancipation of that body no longer made a part of their plan of reform. The consequence natural to such folly and injustice immediately ensued. The Government seeing the Convention by their own act separate themselves from the great mass of the people, who could alone give them effective force, held them at defiance; and that formidable assembly, which under better principles might have held the fate of Ireland in their hands, was broken up with disgrace and ignominy:—a memorable warning, that those who know not how to render their just rights to others, will be found incapable of firmly adhering to their own. The general Committee of the Catholics, of which I have spoken above, and which, since the year 1792, has made a distinguished feature in the politics of Ireland, was a body composed of their bishops, their country gentlemen, and of a certain number of merchants and traders, all resident in Dublin, but named by the Catholics in the different towns corporate to represent them. The original object of this institution was to obtain the repeal of a partial and oppressive tax, called Quarterage, which was levied on the Catholics only; and the Government which found the Committee at first a convenient instrument on some occasions connived at their existence. So degraded was the Catholic mind at the period of the formation of their Committee (about 1770), and long after, that they were happy to be allowed to go up to the Castle with an abominable slavish address to each successive Viceroy; of which, moreover, until the accession of the Duke of Portland in 1782, so little notice was taken, that his Grace was the first who con-

descended to give them an answer. And indeed for above twenty years the sole business of the General Committee was to prepare and deliver in these records of their depression. The effort, which an honest indignation had called forth at the time of the Volunteer Convention in 1783, seemed to have exhausted their strength, and they sunk back into their primitive nullity. Under the appearance of apathy, however, a new spirit was gradually arising in the body, owing principally to the exertions and example of one man, John Keogh; to whose services his country, and more especially the Catholics, are singularly indebted. In fact, the downfall of feudal tyranny was acted in little on the theatre of the General Committee. The influence of their clergy and their barons was gradually undermined, and the third estate, the commercial interest, rising in wealth and power, was preparing by degrees to throw off the yoke, in the imposing, or at least the continuing of which the leaders of the body, I mean the prelates and aristocracy, to their disgrace be it spoken, were ready to concur. Already had these leaders, acting in obedience to the Government which held them in fetters, suffered one or two signal defeats in the Committee, owing principally to the talents and address of John Keogh. The parties began to be defined, and a sturdy democracy of new men, with bolder views and stronger talents, soon superseded the timid counsels and slavish measures of the ancient aristocracy. Every thing seemed tending to a better order of things among the Catholics, and an occasion soon offered to call the energy of their new leaders into action.

The Dissenters of the North, and more especially of the town of Belfast, are, from the genius of their religion, and from the superior diffusion of political information among them, sincere and enlightened republicans. They had ever been foremost in the pursuit of parliamentary reform; and I have already mentioned the early wisdom and virtue of the men of Belfast in proposing the emancipation of the Catholics so far back as the year 1783. The French Revolution had awakened all parties in the nation from the stupor in which they lay plunged from the time of the dispersion of the ever-memorable Volunteer Convention, and the citizens of Belfast were the first to raise their heads from the abyss, and to look the situation of their country steadily in the face. They saw at a glance the true object, and the only means to obtain it. Conscious that the force of the existing government was such as to require the united efforts of the whole Irish people to subvert it, and long convinced in their own minds that to be free, it was necessary to be just, they cast their eyes once more on the long-neglected Catholics, and profiting of past errors, of which, however, they had not to accuse themselves, they determined to begin on a new system, and to raise the structure of the liberty and independence of their country on the broad basis of equal rights to the whole people. The Catholics on their part were rapidly rising in political spirit and information. Every month, every day, as the Revolution in France went prosperously forward, added to their courage and their force; and the hour seemed at last arrived, when, after a dreary oppression of one hundred years, they were once more to appear upon the political theatre of their country. They saw the brilliant prospect of success, which events in France had opened to their view; and they determined to avail themselves with promptitude of that opportunity which never returns to those who omit it. For this the active members of the Committee resolved to set on foot an immediate application to Parliament, praying for a repeal of the Penal Laws. The first difficulty they had to surmount arose in their own body. Their peers, their gentry (as they affected to call themselves), and their prelates, either seduced or intimidated by Government, gave the measure all possible opposition; and at length, after a long contest, in which both parties strained every nerve, and produced the whole of their strength, the question was decided, on a division in the Committee, by a majority of at least six to one in favour of the intended application. The triumph of the young democracy was complete; but though the aristocracy was defeated, they were not yet entirely broken down. By the instigation of the Government, they had the meanness to



secede from the General Committee, to disavow their acts, and even to publish in the papers that they did not wish to embarrass the Government by advancing their claim of emancipation. It is difficult to conceive such a degree of political degradation; but what will not the tyranny of an execrable system produce in time? Sixty-eight gentlemen, individually of high spirit, were found, who publicly and in a body deserted their party and their own just claims, and even sanctioned this pitiful desertion by the authority of their signatures. Such an effect had the operation of the penal laws upon the Catholics of Ireland—as proud a race as any in all Europe!

“The first attempts of the Catholic Committee failed totally. Endeavouring to accommodate all parties, they framed a petition so humble that it ventured to ask for nothing; and even this petition they could not find a single member of the legislature to present. Of so little consequence in 1790 were the great mass of the Irish people! Not disheartened, however, by the defeat, they went on, and in the interval between that and the approaching session, they were preparing measures for a second application. In order to add greater weight and consequence to their intended petition, they brought over to Ireland Richard Burke, only son to the celebrated Edmund, and appointed him their agent to conduct their application to Parliament. This young man came over with considerable advantage, and especially with the *éclat* of his father’s name, who the Catholics concluded, and very reasonably, would for his own sake, if not for theirs, assist his son with his advice and direction. But their expectations in the event proved abortive. Richard Burke, with a considerable portion of talent from nature, and cultivated, as may be well supposed, with the utmost care by his father, who idolized him, was utterly deficient in judgment, in temper, and especially in the art of managing parties. In three or four months’ time, during which he remained in Ireland, he contrived to embroil himself, and to a certain extent the Committee, with all parties in parliament, the Opposition as well as the Government, and finally desiring to drive his employers into measures of which they disapproved, and thinking himself strong enough to go on without the assistance of the men who introduced him, and, as long as their duty would permit, supported him, in which he miserably deceived himself, he ended his short and turbulent career by breaking with the General Committee. That body, however, treated him respectfully to the last; and on his departure they sent a deputation to thank him for his exertions, and presented him with the sum of two thousand guineas.

“It was much about this time that my connexion with the Catholic body commenced in the manner which I am about to relate. I cannot pretend to strict accuracy as to dates, for I write entirely from memory, all my papers being in America.

“Russell, on his arrival to join his regiment at Belfast, found the people so much to his taste, and in return had rendered himself so agreeable to them, that he was speedily admitted into their confidence, and became a member of several of their clubs. This was an unusual circumstance, as British officers, it may well be supposed, were no great favourites with the Republicans of Belfast. The Catholic question was at this period beginning to attract the public notice, and the Belfast Volunteers, on some public occasion (I know not precisely what) wished to come forward with a declaration in its favour. For this purpose, Russell, who was by this time in their confidence, wrote to me to draw up and transmit to him such a declaration as I thought proper, which I accordingly did. A meeting of the corps was held in consequence, but an opposition unexpectedly arising to that part of the declaration which alluded directly to the Catholic claims, that passage was, for the sake of unanimity, withdrawn for the present, and the declaration then passed unanimously. Russell wrote me an account of all this, and it immediately set me on thinking more seriously than I had yet done on the state of Ireland. I soon formed my theory, and on that theory I have uniformly acted ever since. To subvert the tyranny of our execrable government—to break the



connexion with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assist the independence of my country—these were my objects. To unite the whole people of Ireland, to abolish the memory of all past dissensions, and to substitute the common name of Irishmen in place of the denominations of Protestants, Dissenters, and Catholics—these were my means. To effectuate these great objects, I reviewed the three great sects. The Protestants I despaired of from the outset, for obvious reasons. Already in possession, by an unjust monopoly, of the whole power and patronage of the country, it was not to be supposed they would ever concur in measures, the certain tendency of which must be to lessen their influence as a party, how much soever the nation might gain. To the Catholics I thought it unnecessary to address myself, because that as no change could make their political situation worse, I reckoned upon their support as a certainty. Besides, they had already begun to manifest a strong sense of their wrongs and oppressions; and finally I well knew, that however it might be disguised or suppressed, there existed in the breast of every Irish Catholic an inextirpable abhorrence of the English name and power. There remained only the Dissenters, whom I knew to be patriotic and enlightened. However, the events at Belfast had shewn me that all prejudice was not entirely removed from their minds. I sat down accordingly, and wrote a pamphlet addressed to the Dissenters, and which I entitled “An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland;” the object of which was to convince them that they and the Catholics had but one common interest and one common enemy; that the slavery and depression of Ireland was produced and perpetuated by the divisions existing between them; and that consequently to assert the independence of their country, and their own individual liberties, it was necessary to forget all former feuds, to consolidate the entire strength of the whole nation, and to form for the future but one people. These principles I supported by the best arguments which suggested themselves to me, and particularly by demonstrating that the cause of the failure of all former efforts, and more especially of the Volunteer Convention in 1783, was the unjust neglect of the claims of their Catholic brethren. This pamphlet, which appeared in September 1791, under the signature of “A Northern Whig,” had a considerable degree of success. The Catholics (*with not one of whom I was at that time acquainted*) were pleased with the efforts of a volunteer in their cause, and distributed it in all quarters. The people of Belfast, of whom I had spoken with the respect and admiration I sincerely felt for them, and to whom I was also perfectly unknown, printed a very large edition, which they dispersed through the whole north of Ireland; and I have the great satisfaction to believe that many of the Dissenters were converted by my arguments. It is like vanity to speak of my own performance so much, and the fact is, I believe I am somewhat vain on that topic; but as it was the immediate cause of my being made known to the Catholic body, I may perhaps be excused for dwelling on a circumstance, which I must ever look on for that reason as one of the most fortunate of my life. As my pamphlet spread more and more, my acquaintance among the Catholics extended accordingly. My first friend in the body was John Keogh, and through him I became acquainted with all the leaders, as Richard M’Cormick, John Sweetman, Edward Byrne, &c. in short, the whole Sub-Committee, and most of the active members of the General Committee. It was a kind of fashion that winter (1791) among the Catholics to give splendid dinners to their political friends in and out of parliament, and I was always a guest of course. I was invited to a grand dinner given to Richard Burke on his leaving Dublin, together with William Todd Jones, who had distinguished himself by a most excellent pamphlet in favour of the Catholic cause, as well as to several entertainments given by clubs and associations. In short, I began to grow into something like reputation; and my company was in a manner a requisite at all the entertainments of that winter. But this was not all. The Volunteers of Belfast of the First, or Green Company, were pleased, in consequence of my

pamphlet, to elect me an honorary member of their corps, a favour which they were very delicate in bestowing, as I believe I was the only person, except the great Henry Flood, who was ever honoured by that mark of their approbation. I was also invited to spend a few days at Belfast in order to assist in framing the first club of United Irishmen, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with the men, whom, though I highly esteemed them, I knew as yet but by reputation. In consequence, about the beginning of October, I went down with my friend Russell, who had by this time quitted the army and was in Dublin on his private affairs. The incidents of that journey, which was by far the most agreeable and interesting one I had ever made, I recorded in a kind of diary, a practice which I then commenced and have ever since from time to time continued, as circumstances of sufficient importance occurred. To that diary I refer. It is sufficient here to say that my reception was of the most flattering kind, and that I found the men of the most distinguished public virtue in the nation, the most estimable in all the domestic relations of life. I had the good fortune to render myself agreeable to them, and a friendship was then formed between us, which I think it will not be easy to shake.

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"We formed our club, of which I wrote the declaration; and certainly the formation of that club commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland. At length, after a stay of about three weeks, which I look back upon as perhaps the pleasantest of my life, Russell and I returned to Dublin with instructions to cultivate the leaders in the popular interest, being Protestants, and if possible to form in the capital a club of United Irishmen. Neither Russell nor myself were known to one of those leaders. However we soon contrived to get acquainted with James Napper Tandy, who was the principal of them, and through him with several others. So that in a little time we succeeded, and a club was accordingly formed, of which the Hon. Simon Butler was the first chairman and Tandy the first secretary."

Here our limits oblige us to break off for the present, and to reserve for a future number the concluding portion of these memoirs.

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#### MIDSHIPMAN'S SONG.

'Tis a time of pride, when the bark is prancing,  
 Like an Arab steed, o'er the waste of waves,  
 When her path behind in light is glancing,  
 And the fire-white foam her boltsprit laves:  
 Then, then is the time of proud emotion,—  
 And, if in the bosom a proud one sleep,  
 'Twill awake to dance to the music of ocean,  
 And sweep with the winds o'er the weltering deep!

With my bark through her own blue path careering,  
 I never can envy the landsman's bliss;  
 No sun on the shore ever shone so cheering,  
 As it sparkles down on a world like this.  
 What music can make the heart so sprightly,  
 As the roll of the billows in the breeze?  
 What ball upon earth ever shone so brightly,  
 As the stirring dance of the sunlit seas?

## THE TOUCHY LADY.

ONE of the most unhappy persons whom it has been my fortune to encounter, is a pretty woman of thirty, or thereabout, healthy, wealthy, and of good repute, with a fine house, a fine family, and an excellent husband. A solitary calamity renders all these blessings of no avail:—the gentlewoman is touchy. This affliction has given a colour to her whole life. Her biography has a certain martial dignity, like the history of a nation; she dates from battle to battle, and passes her days in an interminable civil war.

The first person who, long before she could speak, had the misfortune to offend the young lady, was her nurse; then in quick succession four nursery maids, who were turned away, poor things! because Miss Anne could not abide them; then her brother Harry, by being born and diminishing her importance; then three governesses; then two writing-masters; then one music-mistress; then a whole school. On leaving school, affronts multiplied of course; and she has been in a constant miff with servants, tradespeople, relations and friends, ever since; so that although really pretty (at least she would be so if it were not for a standing frown and a certain watchful defying look in her eyes), decidedly clever and accomplished, and particularly charitable, as far as giving money goes, (your ill-tempered woman has often that redeeming grace,) she is known only by her one absorbing quality of touchiness, and is dreaded and hated accordingly by every one who has the honour of her acquaintance.

Paying her a visit is one of the most formidable things that can be imagined, one of the trials which in a small way demand the greatest resolution. It is so difficult to find what to say. You must make up your mind to the affair as you do when going into a shower-bath. Differing from her is obviously pulling the string; and agreeing with her too often or too pointedly is nearly as bad: she then suspects you of suspecting her infirmity, of which she has herself a glimmering consciousness, and treats you with a sharp touch of it accordingly. But what is there that she will not suspect? Admire the colours of a new carpet, and she thinks you are looking at some invisible hole; praise the pattern of a morning cap, and she accuses you of thinking it too gay. She has an ingenuity of perverseness which brings all subjects nearly to a level. The mention of her neighbours is evidently *taboo*, since it is at least twenty to one but she is in a state of affront with nine-tenths of them; her own family are also *taboo* for the same reason. Books are particularly unsafe. She stands vibrating on the pinnacle where two fears meet, ready to be suspected of blue-stockingsism on the one hand, or of ignorance and frivolity on the other, just as the work you may chance to name happens to be recondite or popular; nay sometimes the same production shall excite both feelings. "Have you read Hajji Baba," said I to her one day last winter, "Hajji Baba the Persian?"—"Really, Ma'am, I am no orientalist."—"Hajji Baba, the clever Persian tale?" continued I, determined not to be daunted. "I believe Miss R." rejoined she, "that you think I have nothing better to do than to read novels." And so she snip-snaps to the end of the visit. Even the Scotch novels, which she does own to reading,



## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.\*

“ The club [of United Irishmen] adopted the declaration of their brethren of Belfast, with whom they immediately opened a correspondence. It is but justice to an honest man who has been persecuted for a firm adherence to his principles, to observe here, that Tandy, in coming forward on this occasion, well knew that he was putting to the most extreme hazard his popularity among the corporation of the city of Dublin, with whom he had enjoyed the most unbounded influence for near twenty years; and, in fact, in the event his popularity was sacrificed. That did not, however, prevent his taking his part decidedly. He had the firmness to forego the gratification of his private feelings for the good of his country. The truth is, Tandy was a very sincere republican, and it did not require much argument to shew him the impossibility of attaining a republic by any means short of the united powers of the whole people. He, therefore, renounced the lesser object for the greater, and gave up the certain influence which he possessed, and had well earned, in the city, for the contingency of that influence which he might have, and which he well deserved to have, in the nation. For my part I think it right to mention, that at this time the establishment of a republic was not the immediate object of my speculations: my object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government, to which I was led by a hatred to England so deeply rooted in my nature, that it was rather an instinct than a principle. I left to others better qualified for the enquiry, the investigation into the merits of the different forms of government; and I contented myself with labouring on my own system, which was luckily in perfect coincidence, as to its operation, with that of those men who viewed the question on a broader and juster scale than I did at the time I mention. But to return. The club was scarcely formed before I lost all pretensions to any thing like influence on their measures—a circumstance which at first mortified me not a little; and, perhaps, had I retained more weight in their councils, I might have prevented, as on some occasions I laboured unsuccessfully to prevent, their running into indiscretions which gave their enemies but too great advantages over them. It is easy to be wise after the event. So it was, however, that I soon sunk into obscurity in the club, which, however, I had the satisfaction to see daily increasing in numbers and consequence. The Catholics, particularly, flocked in crowds, as well as the Protestant members of corporations most distinguished for their liberality and public spirit on former occasions; and, indeed, I must do the society the justice to say, that I believe there never existed a political body which included for its members a greater portion of sincere, uncorrupted patriotism, as well as a very respectable portion of talents. Their publications, mostly written by Dr. Drennan, and many of them admirably well done, began to draw the public attention, especially as they were evidently the production of a society utterly disclaiming all party views or motives, and acting on a broad original scale, not sparing those who called themselves patriots more than those who were the habitual slaves of the government—a system in which I heartily concurred, having long entertained a more sincere contempt for what is called the *Opposition*, than for the common prostitutes of the treasury bench, who want at least, the vice of hypocrisy. At length the Solicitor-general, in speaking of the Society, having made use of expressions in the House of Commons extremely offensive, an explanation was demanded of him by Simon Butler, chairman, and Tandy, secretary. Butler was satisfied; Tandy was not; and after several messages, which it is not my affair to detail, the Solicitor-general at length complained to the House of a breach of privilege, and Tandy was ordered in the first instance into custody. He was, in consequence, arrested by a messenger, from whom he found means to escape; and immediately a proclamation was issued, offering a

\* Continued from page 347.

reward for retaking him. The Society now was in a difficult situation, and I thought myself called upon to make an effort, at all hazards to myself, to prevent its falling, by improper timidity, in the public opinion. We were, in fact, committed with the House of Commons on the question of privilege; and, having fairly engaged in the contest, it was impossible to recede without a total forfeiture of character. Under these circumstances, I cast my eyes on Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a distinguished member of the Society, whose many virtues, public and private, had set his name above the reach of even the malevolence of party, whose situation in life was of the most respectable rank, (if rank be indeed respectable); and, above all, whose personal courage was not to be shaken—a circumstance, in the actual situation of affairs, of the last importance. To Rowan, therefore, I applied. I shewed him that the current of public opinion was rather setting against us in the business, and that it was necessary that some of us should step forward and expose themselves at all risks, to shew the House of Commons, and the nation at large, that we were not to be intimidated or put down so easily; and I offered, if he would take the chair, that I would, with the Society's permission, act as secretary, and that we would give our signatures to such publications as circumstances might render necessary. Rowan instantly agreed; and accordingly on the next night of meeting, he was chosen chairman and I secretary in the absence of Tandy; and the Society having agreed to the resolutions proposed, which were worded in a manner very offensive to the dignity of the House of Commons, and, in fact, amounted to a challenge of their authority, we inserted them in all the newspapers, and printed 5000 copies with our names affixed. The least that Rowan and I expected in consequence of this step, (which under the circumstances was, I must say, rather a bold one,) was to be committed to Newgate for a breach of privilege; and, perhaps, exposed to personal discussion with some of the members of the House of Commons; for he proposed and I agreed, that if any disrespectful language was applied to either of us in any debate which might arise on the business, we would attack the person, whoever he might be, immediately, and oblige him either to recant his words or give battle. All our determinations, however, came to nothing. The House of Commons, either content with their victory over Tandy, who was obliged to conceal himself for some time, or not thinking Rowan and myself objects sufficiently important to attract their notice; or, perhaps, (which I rather believe,) not wishing just then to embroil themselves with a man of Rowan's firmness and courage, not to speak of his great and justly merited popularity, took no notice whatsoever of our resolutions; and in this manner he and I had the good fortune, or, if I may say, the merit, to rescue the Society from a situation of considerable difficulty, without any actual suffering, though certainly with some personal hazard on our parts. We had, likewise, the satisfaction to see the Society, instead of losing ground, rise rapidly in the public opinion by their firmness on the occasion. Shortly after, on the last day of the session, Tandy appeared in public, and was taken into custody, the whole Society attending in a body to the House of Commons. He was ordered by the Speaker to be committed to Newgate, whither he was conveyed, the Society attending him as before; and the Parliament being prorogued in half an hour after, he was liberated immediately, and escorted in triumph to his own house. On this occasion Rowan and I attended, of course, and were in the gallery of the House of Commons. As we were not sure but we might be attacked ourselves, we took pains to place ourselves in a conspicuous situation, and to wear our whip-club uniforms, which were rather gaudy, in order to signify to all whom it might concern, that there we were. A good many of the members, we observed, remarked us, but no farther notice was taken; our names were never mentioned; the whole business passed over quietly, and I resigned my pro-secretaryship, being the only office I ever held in the Society, into the hands of Tandy, who resumed his functions. This was in Spring 1792. I should

observe, that the day after the publication abovementioned, when I attended near the House of Commons in expectation of being called before them to answer for what I had done, and had requested my friend, Sir Laurence Parsons, to give me notice in order that I might present myself, the House took fire by accident, and was burnt to the ground.

“The Society of United Irishmen beginning to attract the public notice considerably in consequence of the event I have mentioned, and it being pretty generally known that I was principally instrumental in its formation, I was one day surprised by a visit from the barrister, who had about two years before spoken to me on the part of the Whig leaders,—a business of which I had long since discharged my memory. He told me he was sorry to see the new line I was adopting in politics; the more so, as I might rely upon it that the principles I now held would never be generally adopted, and consequently I was devoting myself without advancing any beneficial purpose. He also testified some surprise at my conduct, and insinuated pretty directly, though with great civility, that I had not kept faith with the Whigs, with whom he professed to understand I had connected myself, and whom in consequence I ought to have consulted before I took so decided a line of conduct as I had lately done. I did not like the latter part of his discourse at all: however I answered him with great civility on my part, ‘that as to the principles he mentioned, I had not adopted them without examination—that as to the pamphlet I had written in the Catholic cause, I had not advanced a syllable I did not conscientiously believe, and consequently I was neither inclined to repent nor retract.’ As to my supposed connexion with the Whigs, I reminded him that I had not sought them: on the contrary, they had sought me. If they had on reflection not thought me worth cultivating, that was no fault of mine. I observed also that Mr. George Ponsonby, whom I looked upon as principal in the business, had never spoken to me above a dozen times in my life, and then merely on ordinary topics: that I was too proud to be treated in that manner: and if I was supposed capable of rendering service to the party, it could only be by confiding in and communicating with me, that I could be really serviceable, and on that footing only would I consent to be treated; that probably Mr. Ponsonby would think that rather a lofty declaration, but it was my determination, the more so, as I knew he was rather a proud man: finally, I observed, he had my permission to report all this, and that I looked upon myself as under no tie of obligation whatsoever; that I had written a pamphlet, unsolicited, in favour of the party; that I had consequently been employed in a business professionally, which produced me eighty guineas; that I looked on myself as sufficiently rewarded, but I also considered the money as fully earned; that I had at present taken my party; that my principles were known; and I was not at all inclined to retract them. What I had done, I had done, and I was determined to abide by it.—My friend then said, he was sorry to see me so obstinate, and protesting that his principal object was to serve me, in which I believed him, he took his leave, and this put an end completely to the idea of a connexion with the Whigs. I spoke rather haughtily in this affair, because I was somewhat provoked at the insinuation of duplicity, and besides I wished to have a blow at Mr. G. Ponsonby, who seemed desirous to retain me as a kind of pamphleteer in his service, at the same time that he avoided industriously any thing like communication with me; a situation to which I was neither so weak nor so mean as to suffer myself to be reduced; and as I well knew he was one of the proudest men in Ireland, I took care to speak on a footing of the most independent equality. After this discussion I for the second time dismissed all idea of Ponsonby and the Whigs, but I had good reason a long time after to believe that he had not so readily forgot the business as I had; and indeed he was very near having his full revenge upon me, as I shall mention in its place.

“I have already observed that the first attempts of the Catholic Committee, after the secession of their aristocracy, were totally unsuccessful. In 1790 they could not even find a member of parliament who would condescend to



present their petition. In 1791, Richard Burke, then their agent, had prepared on their behalf a very well written philippick, but which certainly was no petition, which after considerable difficulties, resulting in a great degree from his want of temper and discretion, was, after being offered to and accepted by different members, at length finally refused, a circumstance which by disgusting him extremely with all parties, I believe determined him to quit Ireland.

“ After his departure another petition was prepared and presented by —, but no unfortunate paper was ever so maltreated. The Committee in general, and its most active and ostensible members in particular, were vilified and abused in the grossest manner. They were called a rabble of obscure porter-drinking mechanics, without property, pretension, or influence, who met in holes and corners, and fancied themselves the representatives of the Catholic body, who disavowed and despised them. The independence and respectability of the sixty-eight renegadoes who had set their hands so infamously to their act of apostacy, were extolled to the skies, while the lowest and most clumsy personalities were heaped upon the leaders of the Committee, particularly Edward Byrne and John Keogh, who had the honour to be selected from their brethren and exposed as butts for the small wit of the prostitutes of the Government. Finally, the petition of the Catholics, three millions of people, was by special motion of David La Touche, taken off the table of the House of Commons, where it had been suffered to remain for three days and rejected. Never was an address to a legislative body more unprofitably used. The people of Belfast, rapidly advancing in the career of wisdom and liberality, had presented a petition on behalf of the Catholics, much more pointed than that which they presented for themselves; for their petition was extremely well guarded, asking only the right of elective franchise and equal admission to grand juries, whereas that of Belfast prayed the entire admission to all the rights of citizens. This petition was also, on motion of the same member, taken off the table, and rejected, and the two papers sent forth together to wander as they might.

“ There seems from this time a special providence to have watched over Ireland, and to have turned to her profit and advantage the deepest-laid and most artful schemes of her enemies. Every measure adopted, and skilfully adopted, to thwart the expectations of the Catholics, and to crush the rising spirit of union between them and the Dissenters, has, without exception, tended to confirm and fortify both; and the fact I am about to mention, is, for one, a striking proof of the assertion. The principal charge raised in the House of Commons, in the general outcry against the General Committee, was, that they were a self-appointed body, not nominated by the Catholics of the nation, and consequently not authorized to speak on their behalf. This argument, which in fact was the truth, was triumphantly dwelt upon by the enemies of the Catholics; but in the end, it would, perhaps, have been more fortunate for their wishes if they had not laid such a stress upon the circumstance, and drawn the line of separation so strongly between the General Committee and the body at large; for the Catholics through Ireland, who had hitherto been indolent spectators of the business, seeing their brethren of Dublin, and especially the General Committee, insulted and abused for their exertions in pursuit of that liberty, which, if attained, must be a common blessing to all, came forward as one man from every quarter of the nation, with addresses and resolutions adopting the measures of the General Committee as their own, declaring that body the only organ competent to speak for the Catholics of Ireland, and condemning, in terms of the most marked disapprobation and contempt, the conduct of the sixty-eight apostates who were so triumphantly held up by the hirelings of Government as the respectable part of the Catholic community. The question was now plainly decided; the aristocracy shrunk back in disgrace and obscurity, leaving the field open to the democracy, and that body neither wanted talent nor spirit to profit of the advantage of their present situation.







be removed. A French emigrant surgeon, had been called in, closed the wound, and said that there was no saying four days whether it was mortal. His head was to be kept in position, and a sentinel was set over him to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill at once. The Chief Justice instantly ordered the suspending the execution, and was said that on the evening on which he

A child named Thomas Curtiz, aged two years and ten months, accidentally fell down stairs from his brother's knee, on which he was sitting, at his home 5 Market street. The boy was taken to Sir Patrick Dunn's Hospital, where he died yesterday from the injuries sustained.

## ACCIDENT AT THE STAR THEATRE.

This morning a labourer named John Dunn was seriously injured at the Star Theatre buildings. A large iron girder which he was engaged removing fell on his leg. Though the limb was not broken, it was very badly hurt. The man was taken to Jervis street Hospital.

## HATS OFF!

If This Goes On the Matinee Hat Will Soon Be "Off."

The question of ladies' hats at the theatre raised, a "Daily News" correspondent writes a bit of a storm yesterday afternoon at the Critterion Theatre. Before the curtain was raised a chorus of "Hats off!" was raised in the back seats of the theatre, and the treble voice of one exasperated lad mingled with the rougher voices of the men. The demand persistently and peremptorily repeated was amply acceded to by more ladies than one.

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Patrick Kelly, of no fixed residence described as a labourer, aged 50 years, charged with having maliciously broken

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## Phoenix Brewery.

I have just seen a very fine poster advertising the Phoenix Brewery Company, which reflects creditably on Dublin work. It has been produced by Messrs John Shuley and Co, of Capel street, and both in design and harmonious arrangement of colour compares favourably with the best lithography of the kind imported. It is entirely the product of trade-union labour.

## Belfast Joiners.

The joiners of Belfast have recently kicked against part of the woodwork required for some of the vessels being constructed by Messrs Harland and Wolff being done by foreign firms. Their kicking took the form of a determination to strike, providing they could get the assent of the executive of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, of which they are members. An investigation into the subject, however, brought out the fact that the vessels in question were for foreign owners, and that in giving out the orders, these owners had resorted to themselves the right of a certain portion of the work being done by their own workmen. On learning these facts, the executive of the Joiners' Society declined to allow a strike, and as I think, very properly so. We cannot afford to be so insular in our methods as to say that some foreign country wishes to give us work we will have the whole of the job or nothing. On the same principle, foreign workmen might as well object to our getting any of the work at all, and not that they will have the whole of the job.

# THE LAST DAYS OF TONE.

## HIS WAKE.

(SPECIAL TO THE "HERALD.")

On the 11th November, 1798, Tone had been found guilty by court-martial of having acted "traitorously" and hostilely against the King. If "traitorously" means, he had said himself, "that I have been found in arms against the King in my native country, I admit it in its most extended sense." The sentence of death he expected, but he pleaded that, as a soldier of the French Republic, he was entitled to a soldier's death, and petitioned that he should be shot. The petition was refused, and his sentence was to be carried out on the following day. Tone lay in the prison of the Provost Marshal, and had, it would appear, no communication with his friends. But John Philpot Curran, who had a great personal regard for Tone, decided to interfere in his behalf, and on the 12th of November, the day fixed for the execution, he appeared before the Court of King's Bench as soon as it opened. He was accompanied by the aged father of Tone, who had sworn an affidavit that his son had been brought before a court-martial and sentenced to death. Curran, addressing the Bench, said, "I do not pretend that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is stated in this affidavit, as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his Majesty, and that, therefore, no court-martial could have cognisance of any crime imputed to him. The Court of King's Bench sat in the petty of the great criminal court of the country when war was raging, when the most opposed to man in the field, courts-martial might be endured, but every law officer with me while I stand upon this sacred and immutable principle of the constitution, that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court; he is sentenced for death this very day; he may be ordered for execution while I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a habeas corpus to be directed to the Provost Marshal of the barracks of Dublin and Major Sandys, to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief Justice—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran—"My client may die while the writ is preparing."

Chief Justice—"Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks and acquaint the Provost Marshal that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see that he be not executed."

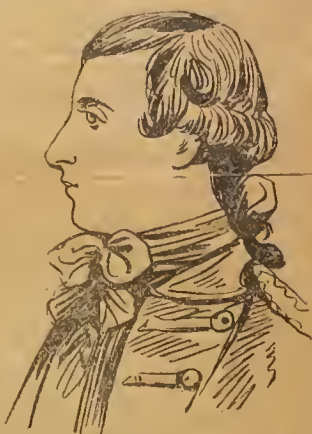
The court awaited with suspense and anxiety the return of the sheriff. He speedily appeared, and said, "My lord, I have been to the barracks in pursuance of your order. The Provost Marshal says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis." Mr. Curran announced at the same time that Mr. Tone, the father, who had just returned after serving the habeas corpus, and that General Craig would not obey it. The Chief Justice exclaimed—"Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Tone into custody; take the Provost Marshal and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig."

It was feared that the prisoner would in the meantime have been led to execution, and the indignation of Chief Justice Kilwarden, who entertained kindly feelings towards Tone, and who held the law in great respect, was visible to all. The sheriff returned at length with the fatal news. He had been refused admittance to the barracks, but was informed that Mr. Tone, who had wounded himself dangerously the night before, was not now in a condition to be removed. A French emigrant surgeon, who had been called in, closed the wound, and declared that there was no saying for four days whether it was mortal. His head was to be kept in one position, and a sentinel was set over him to prevent his speaking. Removal would kill him at once. The Chief Justice instantly ordered a rule suspending the execution.

It was said that on the evening on which he

had been sentenced Tone could hear and see the soldiers erecting the gallows for him before his windows, and, according to the report given out by his jailors, that very night, having secreted a penknife, he inflicted a deep wound across his neck. It was soon discovered by the sentry, and a surgeon called in at four o'clock in the morning stopped the blood and closed it. He reported that Tone might survive, but was in extremest danger, whereupon he is said to have murmured in reply, "I am sorry I have been so bad an anatomist."

Taking this story as true, Major Sandys and the Provost Marshal were both aware of the condition of Tone when the sheriff came with the first order for the suspension of his execution; and it would seem, therefore, that they were meditating dragging him to the gallows in that state. The details of his death and his last words reached the public only through the reports of these jailors, and must, therefore, be regarded with suspicion. He lingered for several days, dying on the 19th of November. Luckier than Lord Edward, he had some one to claim his body from the prison, and the ceremony of waking him took place at No. 65 High street (a number no longer found in the directory), the residence of his kinsman, William Dunvavin, who was totally opposed to Tone's political opinions. He was a member of a corps of yeomanry, and possessed some influence with the terrorists of the day. By means of that influence, probably, assisted in high quarters by the influence of the Hon. George Kuox, the



body of Tone and his effects—clothes, uniform, and sword—were given up to his friend. The two Dunvavins, provided with a written order, went with four men to the Provost for the body, and it was given up to them by Major Sandys. It was taken to William Dunvavin's house in High street (where his father and mother were then living), and hid out in a room on the second floor. The sorrowing wife seemed to have borne up astonishingly against the trials which befell her in such quick succession, but the poor father seemed to have been overwhelmed by this last calamity.

The body was kept two nights at Dunvavin's. A great number of persons came and sat in the room where the corpse was laid out. At length an order came from the Government that the interment should immediately take place, and as privately as possible. The funeral, in conformity with the orders of the authorities, was attended only by two persons—William Dunvavin and John Ebbs, a brazier, who resided in Bride street. Both were members of a corps of yeomanry. The remains of Theobald Wolfe Tone were interred in the ancient cemetery of Bodenstown, close to the wall on the south side of the ruined abbey that stands in the centre of the graveyard, in the same grave where the remains of his grandfather and uncles reposed.

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for doing the lists. The Council have  
 used in Castle street and elsewhere which  
 could be utilised temporarily, and if they de-  
 cide in favour of doing their own work, every-  
 thing necessary for the lists and the burgess  
 list could be ready for the workmen within  
 ten days. The initial expenditure would not  
 be great, as the type used in lists and burgess  
 list is all plain—in fact, about £500 would give  
 the project a good start, and lay the founda-  
 tion of an important and permanent branch  
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 It goes without saying that it would be a great  
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 tion taken up by the employers at the recent  
 conference in London owed much of its strength  
 to the attitude assumed by the Machine Workers'  
 Association.

#### Amalgamated Carpenters.

Mr F Chandler, general secretary of the  
 Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Join-  
 ers, in his latest report says:—"We are again  
 in the fortunate position of being able to report  
 the success which has attended the efforts of  
 our members throughout the country in securing  
 improved conditions of labour. In almost every  
 instance the negotiations have been conducted in  
 the most friendly spirit, and every credit is due  
 to the managing committee and other respon-  
 sible officers for the manner in which they have  
 discharged their duties in the interest of those  
 they represented, as the temptation to insist  
 upon enforcing the full demands in some in-  
 stances has been very strong, because of the  
 demand for our labour just now, and mostly in  
 those towns where wages are highest. As an  
 instance illustrating the truth of this, we may  
 state that at Carlisle, where 145 turned out on  
 May 1 because of the refusal of the employers  
 to advance wages from 7½d to 8d per hour (or,  
 in fact, to advance them whatever beyond 7½d  
 per hour), 100 have obtained work elsewhere,  
 and only in two instances has it been at a less  
 rate than 9d per hour. But by far and away  
 the most encouraging report from this town  
 is that of sixty-two non-unionists who turned  
 out, most of them left 2s 6d each out of their  
 last week's pay as proposition money as a pre-  
 liminary to becoming members of our society.  
 The places where settlements have been effected

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 years and ten months, accidentally fell down  
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 The demand persistently and peremptorily re-  
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 than one.

## TO-DAY'S POLICE.

### MALICIOUS GLASS BREAKING.

Patrick Kelly, of no fixed residence  
 described as a labourer, aged 50 years,  
 charged with having maliciously broken  
 a pane of plate glass (value 30s) in the window  
 of public-house 43 Usher's quay with a stone  
 in the presence of Police-constable 108 A.  
 was sent to gaol for two months with  
 labour.

### ROBBERY.

Caroline Kennedy, no fixed residence or  
 occupation, was charged in custody of Con-  
 stable 67 C with stealing from the front of the  
 house 109 Great Britain street six yards of  
 dress material, value 6s, the property of Peter  
 Shanley. Accused pleaded guilty, and was  
 sentenced to one month's imprisonment with  
 hard labour.

## A PEER ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

According to the "Westminster Gazette,"  
 Lord Castletown, at the recent anniversary  
 dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, when  
 responding to the toast of the House of  
 Lords, recorded an appreciation of that as-  
 sembly by one of his noble friends. Having  
 stated that one of the qualities of the  
 Peers is a great legislative solemnity, Lord  
 Castletown proceeded:—"A witty peer,  
 an Irishman, made a witty speech: gurgles  
 of laughter were heard in every part of the  
 House. When he came out he said to a  
 friend of mine, with a strong natural ac-  
 cent: 'My friend, if I'd known in my  
 youth that at some period of my life Provi-  
 dence would have been good enough to  
 elevate me to this great assembly I'd have  
 studied speaking in a graveyard, and made  
 orations to the tombstones!' It probably  
 required no great penetration on the part  
 of the audience to recognise that the person  
 referred to was Lord Morris.

## SOLDIER BITTEN BY A VIPER.

Yesterday Sapper George Waller, of the  
 Royal Engineers, captured a viper in the  
 woods near Chatham, and while examining it  
 the reptile suddenly slipped through his  
 fingers, wriggled up his sleeve, and passed  
 down his back. Before assistance could be  
 rendered the viper hit the sapper several  
 times between the shoulders. The wounds  
 bled freely, so urating the soldier's clothing.  
 Waller fainted several times and became  
 delirious. He was removed to the hospital  
 and is considered to be in some danger.

Tarifa (by telegraph).--The Arcadia, London  
 for Sydney, passed.



done by men in their own country.

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It is stated that the executive of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, having considered the information received by them from Sunderland, have decided that the present circumstances do not justify decisive action by or on behalf of the society as a distinct organisation. Recognising that the matter is one of wages, and while maintaining that there should be a standard rate for the working of machines, they decided to enter into communication with the Machine Workers' Association of Manchester, with a view of getting that society to fall into line with them by endeavouring to secure the same wage for the members of both societies. It goes without saying that it would be a great triumph for the Amalgamated Society if they could bring the machine-workers into line with them, as it has all along been held that the position taken up by the employers at the recent conference in London owed much of its strength to the attitude assumed by the Machine Workers' Association:

### Amalgamated Carpenters.

Mr F Chandler, general secretary of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, in his latest report says:—"We are again in the fortunate position of being able to report the success which has attended the efforts of our members throughout the country in securing improved conditions of labour. In almost every instance the negotiations have been conducted in the most friendly spirit, and every credit is due to the managing committee and other responsible officers for the manner in which they have discharged their duties in the interest of those they represented, as the temptation to insist upon enforcing the full demands in some instances has been very strong, because of the demand for our labour just now, and mostly in those towns where wages are highest. As an instance illustrating the truth of this, we may state that at Carlisle, where 146 turned out on May 1 because of the refusal of the employers to advance wages from 7½d to 8d per hour (or, in fact, to advance them whatever beyond 7½d per hour), 100 have obtained work elsewhere, and only in two instances has it been at a less wage than 9d per hour. But by far and away the most encouraging report from this town is that of forty-two non-unionists who turned out, most of them left 2s 6d each out of their first week's pay as proposition money as a preliminary to becoming members of our society. The places where settlements have been effected

of plate glass (value 30s) in the window of publichouse 43 Usher's quay with a view to the presence of Police-constable 108 A. was sent to gaol for two months with labour.

### ROBBERY.

Caroline Kennedy, no fixed residence or occupation, was charged in custody of Constable 67 C with stealing from the front of the house 109 Great Britain street six yards of dress material, value 6s, the property of Peter Shanley. Accused pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to one month's imprisonment with hard labour.

### A PEER ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

According to the "Westminster Gazette," Lord Castletown, at the recent anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, when responding to the toast of the House of Lords, recorded an appreciation of that assembly by one of his noble friends. Having stated that one of the qualities of the Peers is a great legislative solemnity, Lord Castletown proceeded:—"A witty peer, an Irishman, made a witty speech: gurgles of laughter were heard in every part of the House. When he came out he said to a friend of mine, with a strong natural accent: 'My friend, if I'd known in my youth that at some period of my life Providence would have been good enough to elevate me to this great assembly I'd have studied speaking in a graveyard, and made orations to the tombstones!' It probably required no great penetration on the part of the audience to recognise that the person referred to was Lord Morris.

### SOLDIER BITTEN BY A VIPER.

Yesterday Sapper George Waller, of the Royal Engineers, captured a viper in the woods near Chatham, and while examining it the reptile suddenly slipped through his fingers, wriggled up his sleeve, and passed down his back. Before assistance could be rendered the viper bit the sapper several times between the shoulders. The wounds bled freely, saturating the soldier's clothing. Waller fainted several times and became delirious. He was removed to the hospital and is considered to be in some danger.

Tarifa (by telegraph).--The Arcadia, London for Sydney, passed.

a large or small way of business, took great interest in the proceedings. East Rands led the upward movement at first, but the Chartered Market soon attracted a large number of leaders, and bore some resemblance to the old times when 5,000 or 10,000 shares changed hands in a line. At present dealings are not on such an extensive scale, but large blocks were again bought on behalf of influential firms. One reason assigned for the resumption of buying was the rumour that the interview between Mr Rhodes and the Colonial Secretary was of a very satisfactory nature, while the news as to the extension of the Beira Railway created a favourable impression. It was matter for remark too, that floating supply was exceedingly small, and the purchase of a few hundred shares at once denudes the market to such an extent that jobbers in order to maintain a good position have to run from Peter to Paul. The January crushings now coming to hand do not show such a falling off as was expected, and one or two are even in excess of those for December. At the close of official hours a considerable advance had taken place in both Gold and Land descriptions, but a further rise was established in the street, where a large number of dealers put in an appearance, and nearly all active shares closed at top prices.

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## POST OFFICE OFFICIAL.

### The Alleged Disappearance.

With reference to the paragraph in the "Independent" this morning regarding the alleged disappearance of Mr S P Saunderson, Controller of the Inland Branch of the G P O, London, who was sent to Dublin recently to investigate the grievances of the Dublin sorting clerks, we are informed that the gentleman became ill on his arrival at Kingstown, and was obliged to put up at a hotel.

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## TRINITY COLLEGE.

### Programme for the Week.

Monday—M B Examination. Section C, Part Medical Examination.

## WOLFE TONE.

### THE FOUNDER OF THE IRISH SEPARATIST MOVEMENT.

Wolfe Tone is one of the most interesting characters in Irish history, and the story of his life—as told by himself—one of the most interesting autobiographies in the English language. The charm of personal history depends on the frankness of the writer, and Wolfe Tone is frank to a fault. Indeed, it is difficult to take everything he says of himself *au sérieux*, and the reader needs to be warned at the outset that he was a humourist as well as a rebel. The diaries which compose his autobiography were never intended for publication. They were written for the amusement of his wife, and kept for her eye alone. But this faithful record of the remarkable events in which he played so extraordinary a part was given to the world by his son as an invaluable contribution to the history of Ireland. Tone was practically the founder of the Irish separatist movement. He was not a man of half measures. He did not believe in mere legislative independence. To build up an Irish State free from all foreign control was the one object of his life. There could be no Irish freedom, he thought, while England exercised any authority in the island, and to overthrow English authority in every shape and form was the end for which he strove with marvellous energy and persistence. He sought colleagues and comrades in the capital of Ulster, then the hotbed of treason, and found them. He brought Catholic and Protestant together, and impressed upon all who came under the sphere of his influence the necessity of united action against the common enemy. There was to be but one creed—Irish nationality—and one class—rebels against the British rule. The Society of United Irishmen was formed in Belfast, and soon made recruits in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. Among the most interesting parts of the autobiography is Tone's account of the state of Ulster towards the end of the eighteenth century and his narrative will come as an astonishment to many a reader who has been brought up to believe in the unchanging loyalty of the Northern province. Nor are the glimpses which Tone gives us of social Ulster less interesting because seen through political glasses. Some of the United Irishmen vacillated between constitutional reform and open treason. But Tone never wavered. He kept on the high road to rebellion all the time. At length he was obliged to leave Ireland and sought refuge in the United States, crossing the Atlantic under circumstances of exciting interest and adventure. In the United States he planned and plotted anew, and finally sailed for France to persuade the Directory to despatch a fleet and army to Ireland to help the United Irishmen in overthrowing the Government in England. Tone's negotiations with the Directory, and his observations on men and things in France during the critical years, 1796-97-98, possess absorbing interest. His success with the Directory won the admiration of the Duke of Wellington. "Wolfe Tone," says the Duke, "was a most extraordinary man, and his history is the most curious history of those times. With a hundred guineas in his pocket, unknown and unrecommended, he went to Paris in order to overthrow the British Government in Ireland. He asked for a large force, Lord Edward Fitzgerald for a small one. They listened to Tone, and the Bantry Bay Expedition was the result." Tone returned to Ireland with the Bantry Bay Expedition. But the elements fought for England and the French Fleet was scattered by the winds before a blow had been struck. But Tone did not despair. Full of hope and energy, he persuaded the Directory to send another and yet another expedition. Both failed.



THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.

A fourth, and last, expedition sailed from Brest in September, 1798. Mr Barry O'Brien has told its fate in a few words in the introduction to the autobiography:—

"It consisted of a fleet of one sail of the line, the *Hoché* (74 guns), eight frigates, *Loire*, *Resolve*, *Bellaune*, *Comète*, *Embuscade*, *Immortalité*, *Romaine*, *Sémillante*, and one schooner, the *Biche*, under the command of Admiral Bompard, and of an army of three thousand men under General Hardy. Tone was on board the Admiral's ship, the *Hoché*. As on the previous occasion the ships were scattered on the voyage, but on October 10th Bompard arrived at the entrance of Lough Swilly with the *Hoché*, the *Loire*, the *Resolve*, and the *Biche*. He was signalled from the shore. At daybreak next morning a British squadron, consisting of six sail of the line, one razee (60 guns), and two frigates, under the command of Sir John Barlowe Warren, were in sight. Bompard signalled the French frigates and the schooner to retreat, and cleared the decks for action. A boat from the *Biche* came alongside the *Hoché* for port orders. The French officers gathered around Tone and urged him to escape. 'The combat is hopeless,' they said; 'we shall be prisoners of war; but what will become of you?' 'I answered, 'Shall it be said that I fled w

The British Admiral having despatched a sail—the razee and a frigate—to give chase to the *Loire* and the *Resolve*, bore down on the *Hoché* with the rest of the squadron. The French ship was surrounded, but Bompard nailed his colours to the mast. For six hours the *Hoché* stood the combined fire of the English ships. Her masts were dismantled, her rigging was swept away; the scuppers flowed with blood; the wounded filled the cockpit. At length, with yawning ribs, with five feet of water in the hold, her rudder carried away, her sails and cordage hanging in shreds, her batteries dismounted, and every gun silenced, she struck. Tone commanded a battery, and fought like a lion, exposing himself to every peril of the conflict. The *Hoché* was towed into Lough Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. The Earl of Cavan invited the French officers to breakfast. Tone was among the guests. An old College companion, Sir George Hill, recognised him. 'How do you do, Mr Tone?' said Hill; 'I am very happy to see you.' Tone greeted him cordially, and said, 'How are you, Sir George? How are Lady Hill and your family?' The police, who expected that Tone was among the prisoners, lay in waiting in an adjoining room. Hill went to them, pointed to Tone, and said, 'There is your man.' Tone was called from table. He knew that his hour had come, but he went cheerfully to his doom. Entering the next apartment he was surrounded by police and soldiers, arrested, loaded with irons, and hurried to Dublin."

The end soon came. Tone was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be hanged. He asked to be shot, but his prayer was refused. A few days later he anticipated the sentence of the law, dying by his own hand.



# LONDON PAPERS.

London, Saturday Morning.

## The Irish Land Bill.

The "Daily Telegraph" says:—Much curiosity exists as to the proposals which the Government will submit to Parliament for the solution of the Irish land difficulty. The secret is being well kept, but it is fully expected that Mr G Balfour's scheme involves—first, the abolition of dual ownership—a step which most land reformers in the sister country regard as essential to a dual settlement. Tenants will thus be enabled to become owners of the soil, but the Colonial Secretary is understood to shrink from compulsory sale. Complete protection is to be given to the cultivator's improvements. Both the landlord and the Land Court will be precluded from putting a farthing of rent upon the outlay of the tenant. Town parks are to be dealt with, and a serious effort is to be made to remove the grievance of subletting. It will be competent under the Bill, in fact, for all tenants to avail themselves of the Land Acts. Finally the non-contentious portion of the measure introduced by Mr J Morley when at the Irish Office is to be adopted, and the procedure for 'getting a fair rent fixed will doubtless be simplified.

The "Daily News" says:—We understand that the Irish Land Bill, of the introduction of which Mr Gerald Balfour will give notice at the opening of the session on Tuesday, will bring the Landed Estates Court within its purview. This institution, which owns thousands of estates in Ireland, collecting its rents through official receivers, was not included in Mr John Morley's Bill.

## Cecil Rhodes Victorious.

The "Times" says:—We understand that the conduct of the affairs of the British South Africa Co consequent on the recent events in South Africa having been provisionally settled, Mr Rhodes will at once proceed to Rhodesia, where he will take up his residence. While the trials at Pretoria are pending, and until Dr Jamieson and his officers have been tried, no public statement can be made on the Transvaal incidents.

## Deaths in the Theatrical World.

The "Daily Chronicle" announces the death of Mr Henry Leslie, the celebrated choir leader, and also confirms the rumour of the death of Miss Alma Stanley, the noted actress. The "Chronicle" says the rumour that the wife of Mr Harry Eversfield, the daughter of Mrs Dion Bonoeault, had committed suicide, is without foundation, but Mr Eversfield died in New York on Thursday last.

## The Turk Pleased.

The "Chronicle's" Constantinople correspondent says that the Turks are so pleased with Lord Salisbury's speech that they have allowed it to be circulated, regarding it as an assurance that English intervention on behalf of their victims is at an end. There is the probability of a rising in Macedonia as a result of the failure of the Powers.

## Life of Cardinal Manning.

The "Daily Chronicle's" Roma correspondent says:—The scandal occasioned by the publication of Mr Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning" has produced a great impression at the Vatican. Cardinal Manning being regarded as the most eminent English Catholic of the century, the Pope is naturally indignant, and it is stated that he has formally approved of a message of censure to be addressed to Mr Purcell by Cardinal Vaughan. It is believed the work will be submitted to the Congregation of the Index, but it is doubtful whether it will be condemned.

## The Mining Markets.

The "Financial News" says:—Yesterday's decline roused in full force, and whether in a large or small way of business, took great interest in the proceedings. East Rand led the upward movement at first, but the Chartered Market soon attracted a large number of leaders, and bore some resemblance to the old times when 5,000 or 10,000 shares changed hands in a line. At present dealings are not on such an extensive scale, but large blocks were again bought on behalf of influential firms. One reason assigned for the resumption of buying was the rumour that the interview between Mr Rhodes and the Colonial Secretary was of a very satisfactory nature, while the news as to the extension of the Beira Railway created a favourable impression. It was matter for remark too, that floating supply was exceedingly small, and the purchase of a few hundred shares at once denudes the market to such an extent that jobbers in order to maintain a good position have to run from Peter to Paul. The January crashings now coming to hand do not show such a falling off as was expected, and one or two are even in excess of those for December. At the close of official hours a considerable advance had taken place in both Gold and Land descriptions, but a further rise was established in the street, where a large number of dealers put in an appearance, and nearly all active shares closed at top prices.

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## TRINITY COLLEGE.

### Programme for the Week.

Today—M B Examination. Section C.

to consider the Grass

the degree of LL D, honoris causa, on Sir G Manrico O'Rourke, K C M G, Speaker of the House of Representatives in New Zealand. Meeting of the Historical Society, 8 p.m. Debate, "That the modern drama deserves our disapproval."

Thursday—Meeting of the Philosophical Society. Paper by J T Seede, B A, on "Superstition."

## Dublin Farm Supply Stores.

Messrs Donovan Nephews and Co, of the Dublin Farm Supply Stores, 7 Eden quay, have sent us their price list of seed potatoes for early garden or field main crop, chiefly grown in England, Scotland, and Channel Islands, specially for seed on red soil, old land, or reclaimed bog. Some old and proved varieties are retained and many new ones added which have been proved disease-resisting heavy croppers (good shape) fine table and keeping qualities. Messrs Donovan Nephews have struck out a new departure, and taking the bold course of actually warranting all seeds from their stores, withdrawing the usual stated award conditions of sale known as the "Non Warranty Clause," usually found on the mouth of seed bags, for which they deserve the greatest credit. The Catalogue's Calendar of garden operations introduced by this firm is one of the most comprehensive and most useful we have yet seen. The hints on fruit and vegetable cookery are wisely put.

## Catholic Commercial Club.

The Musical and Elocutionary Society connected with the Catholic Commercial Club, will hold the opening concert of this season on Monday evening. From a musical point of view a highly attractive programme has been prepared, including as it does selections from the "Yeomen of the Guard," the "Mikado," "Martha," and "Le Nozze de Figaro," and we are sure that an extremely enjoyable evening in store for those who will be fortunate enough to be present.

## WOLFE TONE.

### THE FOUNDER OF THE IRISH SEPARATIST MOVEMENT.

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“The Catholics of Dublin were at this period to the Catholics of Ireland, what Paris at the commencement of the French revolution was to the Departments. Their sentiment was that of the nation, and whatever political measure they adopted was sure to be obeyed. Still, however, there was wanting a personal communication between the General Committee and their constituents in the country; and as the Catholic Question had now grown to considerable magnitude, so much, indeed, as to absorb all other political discussion, it became the first care of the leader of the Committee to frame a plan of organization for that purpose. It is to the sagacity of M—— K—— of K——brook, in the county of Leitrim, that his country is indebted for the system in which the General Committee was to be framed in a manner that should render it impossible to bring it again in doubt whether the body were, or not, the organ of the Catholic will. His plan was to associate to the Committee, as then constituted, two members from each county and great city, actual residents of the place which they represented; who were, however, only to be summoned upon extraordinary occasions, leaving the common routine business to the original members, who, I have already related, were all residents of Dublin. The Committee thus constituted, would consist of half town and half country members, and the election for the latter, he proposed, should be held by means of primary and electoral assemblies; held, the first in each parish, the second in each county and great town. He likewise proposed that the town members should be held to correspond regularly with their county associates, these with their immediate electors, and these again with the primary assemblies. A more simple, and at the same time a more comprehensive organization, could not be devised: by this means the General Committee became the centre of a circle embracing the whole nation and pushing its rays instantaneously to the remotest parts of the circumference. The plan was laid in writing before the General Committee by M—— K——; and after mature discussion, the first part, relating to the association and election of the county members, was adopted, but with some slight variation; the latter part, relating to the constant communication with the mass of the people, was thought, under the circumstances, to be too hardy, and was accordingly dropped *sub silentio*.

“About this time it was that the leaders of the Committee cast their eyes upon me to fill the station left vacant by Richard Burke. It was accordingly proposed by my friend John Keogh to appoint me their agent, with the title of assistant secretary, and a salary of 200*l.* a year during my continuance in the service of the Committee. This was adopted unanimously: John Keogh and John Sweetman were ordered to wait on me with the proposal in writing, to which I acceded immediately by a respectful answer, and I was that very day introduced in form to the Sub-Committee, and entered upon the functions of my new office.

“I was now placed in a very honourable, but a very arduous situation. The Committee having taken so decided a step as that of proposing a general election of members to represent the Catholic body throughout Ireland, was well aware that they would be exposed to attacks of all possible kinds, and they were not disappointed. They were prepared, however, to repel them, and the literary part of the warfare fell of course to my share. On reviewing the conduct of my predecessor Richard Burke, I saw the rock on which he split was an overweening opinion of his own talents and judgement, and a desire, which he had not art enough to conceal, of guiding at his pleasure the measures of the Committee. I therefore determined to model my conduct with the greatest caution in that respect. I seldom or never offered my opinion, unless it was called for, in the Sub-Committee, but contented myself with giving my sentiments without reserve in private to the two men I most esteemed, and who had in their respective capacities the greatest influence on the body—I mean John Keogh, and Richard M'Cormick, secretary to the General Committee. My discretion in this respect was not unobserved, and I very soon acquired, and I may say without vanity I deserved, the entire confidence and



good opinion of the Catholics. The fact is, I was devoted most sincerely to their cause, and being now retained in their service, I would have sacrificed every thing to secure their success, and they knew it. I am satisfied they looked upon me as a faithful and zealous advocate, neither to be intimidated nor corrupted; and in that respect they rendered me but justice. My circumstances were at the time of my appointment extremely embarrassed, and of course the salary annexed to my office was a considerable object to me; but though I had an increasing family totally unprovided for, I can safely say, that I would not have deserted my duty to the Catholics for the whole patronage of the Government, if it were consolidated into one office and offered me as the reward. In these sentiments I was encouraged and confirmed by the incomparable spirit of my wife, to whose patient suffering under adversity (for we had often been reduced and were now well accustomed to difficulties,) I know not how to render justice. Women in general, I am sorry to say it, are mercenary, and especially if they have children, they are ready to make all sacrifices to their establishment. But my dearest love had bolder and juster views. On every occasion of my life I consulted her. We had no secrets one from the other, and I invariably found her think and act with energy and courage, combined with the greatest prudence and discretion. If ever I succeed in life, or arrive at any thing like station or eminence, I shall consider it as due to her counsels and to her example. But to return. Another rule which I adopted for my conduct was, in all the papers I had occasion to write, to remember I was not speaking for myself, but for the Catholic body, and consequently to be never wedded to my own compositions, but to receive the objections of every one with respect, and to change without reluctance, whatever the Committee thought proper to alter, even in cases where, perhaps, my own judgement was otherwise; and trifling as the circumstance may seem, I am sure it recommended me considerably to the Committee, who had been on former occasions more than once embarrassed by the self-love of Richard Burke, and indeed even of some of their own body, men of considerable talents, who had written some excellent papers on their behalf, but who did not stand criticism as I did, without wincing. The fact is, I was so entirely devoted to their cause, that the idea of literary reputation, as to myself, never occurred to me; not that I am at all insensible on that score, but the feeling was totally absorbed in superior considerations; and I think I can safely appeal to the Sub-Committee, whether ever on any occasion they found me for a moment set up my vanity or self-love against their interests or even their pleasure. I am sure that by my discretion on the points I have mentioned, (which indeed was no more than my duty) I secured the esteem of the Committee, and consequently influence in their councils, which I should justly have forfeited had I seemed too eager to assume it; and it is to the credit of both parties that from the first moment of our connexion to the last, neither my zeal and anxiety to serve them, nor the kindness and favour with which they received my efforts, were ever for a single moment suspended. Almost the first business I had to transact was to conduct a correspondence with Richard Burke, who was very desirous to return to Ireland once more and to resume his former station, which the Committee were determined he should not do. It was a matter of some difficulty to refuse without offending him, and I must say he pressed us rather forcibly; however, we parried him with as much address as we could, and after two or three long letters, to which the answers were very concise and civil, he found the business was desperate, and gave it up accordingly.

“This was a memorable year in Ireland (1792). The publication of the plan for the new organizing of the General Committee, gave an instant alarm to all the supporters of the British government, and every effort was made to prevent the election of the country members; for it was sufficiently evident that if the representatives of three millions of oppressed people were once suffered to meet, it would not afterwards be safe, or indeed possible, to refuse their just demands. Accordingly, at the ensuing Assizes, the Grand

Juries universally throughout Ireland, published the most furious, I may say frantic resolutions against the plan and its authors, whom they charged with little short of high treason. Government likewise were but too successful in gaining the Catholic clergy, particularly the bishops, who gave the measure at first very serious opposition. The Committee, however, was not daunted, and satisfied of the justice of their cause, and of their own courage, they laboured, and with success, to inspire the same spirit in the breasts of their brethren throughout the nation. For this purpose their first step was an admirable one. By their order I drew up a state of the case, with the plan for the organization of the Committee annexed, which was laid before Simon Butler and Beresford Burston, two lawyers of great eminence, and what was of consequence here, King's counsel, to know whether the Committee had in any respect contravened the law of the land, or whether by carrying the proposed plan into execution the parties concerned would subject themselves to pain or penalty. The answers of both the lawyers were completely in our favour, and we instantly printed them in the papers and dispersed them in handbills, letters, and all possible shapes. This blow was decisive as to the legality of the measure. For the bishops, whose opposition gave us great trouble, four or five different missions were undertaken by different members of the Sub-Committee into the provinces, at their own expense, in order to hold conferences with them, in which, with much difficulty, they succeeded, so far as to secure the co-operation of some and the neutrality of the rest of the prelates. On these missions the most active members were John Keogh and T—— B——, neither of whom spared purse or person, when the interests of the Catholic body were concerned.

"I accompanied Mr. B—— in his visit to Connaught, where he went to meet the gentry of that province at the great fair of Ballinasloe. As it was late in the evening when he left town, the postilion who drove us having given warning, I am satisfied, to some footpads, the carriage was stopped by four or five fellows at the gate of the Phoenix-park. We had two case of pistols in the carriage, and we agreed not to be robbed. B——, who was at this time about 65 years of age, and lame from a fall of his horse some years before, was as cool and intrepid as man could be: he took the command, and by his orders I let down all the glasses, and called out to the fellows to come on, if they were so inclined, for that we were ready, B—— desiring me at the same time *'not to fire till I could touch the scoundrels.'*" This rather embarrassed them, and they did not venture to approach the carriage, but held a council of war at the horses heads. I then presented one of my pistols at the postilion, swearing horribly that I would put him instantly to death if he did not drive over them, and I made him feel the muzzle of the pistol against the back of his head. The fellows on this took to their heels and ran off, and we proceeded on our journey without farther interruption. When we arrived at the inn, B——, whose goodness of heart is equal to his courage, and no man is braver, began by abusing the postilion for his treachery, and ended by giving him half-a-crown. I wanted to break the rascal's bones, but he would not suffer me, and this was the end of our adventure."

#### THE HARP OF TEARS.

LOVE, once on a time, with Sorrow \* his bride,  
Was amid the Nine bright Sisters' choir,  
And, as Sorrow was brushing a tear aside,  
It fell on the strings of a Muse's lyre.

Oh the golden chords had a soul before,  
But the warm drop gave them a heart beside;  
And Love has hallow'd the sweet harp more,  
Ever since it was wet by his tearful bride.

J.

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\* See Mrs. Barbauld's beautiful allegory of "Pity."

## HORRORS FOR NOVEMBER.

“ On horror’s head horrors accumulate.”—SHAKESPEARE.

To an active and inquisitive mind, easily satiated with what is old and known, and ever craving for the excitement of something new and wonderful, particularly if it have the additional recommendations of being terrible or supernatural, there is, perhaps, no sensation so horrible as that of remaining for any length of time unprovided with a good horror. It is so soothing to be agitated, so delightful to be shocked, so animating to be frightened to death, and moreover so sweet to have a perpetual excuse for gossiping and shuddering, with an occasional one for fainting away or going into fits, that it seems as if few communities could long support the tedium and stagnation of existence, unless they took care to provide themselves with the means of being periodically horrified. The moderns are unfortunately reduced to the greatest difficulty in keeping up a regular supply of this indispensable ingredient in our happiness, and after all we are sometimes obliged to put up with a very spurious commodity. In the good old classical times there could be no lack of marvellous terrors, for not only were the woods, waves, and plains, tenanted with supernatural beings, frequently in a state of hostility with man, but even the accidental sight of them was supposed to induce a particular species of madness, known by the name of *Nympholepsy*, a disease which was not unfrequently generated by the mere power of imagination. Spinsters, in those spirit-stirring and miraculous days, were obliged to keep a sharp look-out when they went a Maying, lest the Fauns and Satyrs, or Pan himself, should take a fancy to become better acquainted with them. While gathering a nosegay of daisies and daffidownillies, the king of the infernal regions would sometimes burrow upwards from his tunnel, and canter away with them in his Stygian curricule; or if they only took an innocent ride upon a bull’s back, ten to one but before the end of his journey he offered them his paw in the way of marriage, and turned out to be Jupiter making love in his own behoof. Animate and inanimate objects, men and superhumans, birds and beasts, all contended for their favours by all sorts of fearful metamorphoses, and as we have every reason to believe that the young and old ladies of Arcadia and Bœotia were at least as garrulous as the Syracusan gossips of Theocritus, we may be well assured that there was never any deficiency either of scandalous anecdotes or tales of terror.

Oh! if they had but left us a single one of the numerous monsters of which there was such a glorious glut in those enviable times! We have no interesting Gorgons like the three authentic sisters of Libya, with snaky ringlets, brazen hands, golden-coloured wings, bodies covered with impenetrable scales, and teeth longer than the tusks of a wild boar, who had moreover the power of turning into stone all those on whom they fixed their eyes. We have no three-headed dog chained at the gate of Tartarus to startle the visitants by his tri-linguar latrations; no chimæra vomiting forth flames; no monster-minotaur demanding a yearly tribute of men and maidens for his voracious maw; no anthropophagous Cyclops. Nor have we any of the miraculous implements with which their assailants were furnished, such as the scythe of Per-



His sunny childhood melted from my sight,  
 Like a spring dew-drop—then his forehead wore  
 A prouder look—his eye a keener light—  
 —I knew these woods might be his world no more!  
 He loved me—but he left me!—thus they go,  
 Whom we have rear'd, watch'd, bless'd, too much adored!  
 He heard the trumpet of the Red-Cross blow,  
 And bounded from me, with his father's sword!

Thou weep'st!—I tremble—Thou hast seen the slain  
 Pressing a bloody turf—the young and fair,  
 With their pale beauty strewing o'er the plain  
 Where hosts have met—speak!—answer!—was *he* there?  
 Oh! hath his smile departed?—Could the grave  
 Shut o'er those bursts of bright and tameless glee?  
 —No!—I shall yet behold his dark locks wave—  
 That look gives hope—I knew it could not be!

Still weep'st thou, wanderer?—Some fond mother's glance  
 O'er thee, too, brooded in thine early years—  
 Think'st thou of her, whose gentle eye, perchance,  
 Bathed all thy faded hair in parting tears?  
 Speak, for thy tears disturb me!—What art thou?  
 Why dost thou hide thy face, yet weeping on?  
 Look up!—Oh! is it—that wan cheek and brow!—  
 —Is it—alas! yet joy!—my Son, my Son!

F. H.

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 AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE.\*

“ALL parties were now (1793) fully employed preparing for the ensuing Session of Parliament. The Government, through the organ of the corporations and grand juries, opened a heavy fire upon us, of manifestoes and resolutions. At first we were, like young soldiers, a little stunned with the noise, but after a few rounds we began to look about us, and, seeing nobody drop with all this furious cannonade, we took courage and determined to return the fire. In consequence, wherever there was a meeting of the Protestant Ascendancy (which was the title assumed by that party, and a very impudent one it was,) we took care it should be followed by a meeting of the Catholics, who spoke as loud and louder than their adversaries; and as we had the right clearly on our side, we found no great difficulty in silencing the enemy on this quarter. The Catholics likewise took care, at the same time that they branded their enemies, to mark their gratitude to their friends, who were daily increasing, and especially to the people of Belfast, between whom and the Catholics the union was now completely established. Among the various attacks made on us this summer, the most remarkable for their virulence were those of the Grand Jury of Louth, headed by the Speaker of the House of Commons; of Limerick, at which the Lord Chancellor assisted; and of the Corporation of the City of Dublin, which last published a most furious manifesto, threatening us in so many words with a resistance by force. In consequence, a meeting was held of the Catholics of Dublin at large, which was attended by several thousands, where the manifesto was read, and most ably commented upon by John Keogh, Dr. R——, Dr. Mac Nevin, and several others, and a counter-manifesto being proposed, which was written by my friend Emmett and incomparably well done, it was carried unanimously and published in all the papers, together with the speeches above-mentioned; and both the speeches and the manifesto had such an infinite superiority over those of the Corporation, which were also published and diligently circulated by the Government, that it put an end effectually

to the warfare of resolutions. The people of Belfast were not idle on their part. They spared neither pains nor expense to propagate the new doctrine of the *Union of Irishmen*, through the whole North of Ireland; and they had the satisfaction to see their proselytes rapidly extending in every direction. In order more effectually to spread their principles, twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed 250*l.* each, in order to set on foot a paper whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither every one turned their eyes, to inculcate the necessity of union among Irishmen of all religious persuasions, to support the Emancipation of the Catholics, and finally, as the necessary though not avowed consequence of all this, to erect Ireland into a Republic independent of England. This paper, which they called very appositely the *Northern Star*, was conducted by my friend S——N——n, who was unanimously chosen Editor, and it could not be delivered into abler hands. It is in truth a most incomparable paper, and it rose instantly on its appearance into a most rapid and extensive sale. The Catholics every where through Ireland, (I mean the leading Catholics,) were of course subscribers, and the *Northern Star* was one great means of effectually accomplishing the union of the two great sects by the simple process of making their mutual sentiments better known to each other.

It was determined by the citizens of Belfast to commemorate this year, the anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, with great ceremony. For this purpose, they planned a review of the volunteers of the town and neighbourhood, to be followed by a grand procession with emblematic devices, &c. They also determined to avail themselves of the opportunity to bring forward the Catholic question in force; and in consequence, they resolved to publish two addresses, one to the people of France, and one to the people of Ireland. They gave instructions to Dr. Drennan to prepare the former, and the latter fell to my lot. Drennan executed his task admirably, and I made my address for my part as good as I knew how. We were invited to assist at the ceremony, and a great number of the leading members of the Catholic Committee determined to avail themselves of the opportunity to shew their zeal for the success of the cause of liberty in France, as well as their respect and gratitude to their friends in Belfast. In consequence of all this, a grand assembly took place on the 14th of July. After the review, the volunteers and inhabitants to the number of about six thousand assembled in the Linnen-Hall, and voted the address to the French people unanimously. The address to the people of Ireland followed, and, as it was directly and unequivocally in favour of the Catholic claims, we expected some opposition—but we were soon relieved from our anxiety, for the address passed (I may say) unanimously. A few ventured to oppose it indirectly, but their arguments were exposed and upset by the friends to Catholic Emancipation, among the foremost of whom we had the satisfaction to see several Dissenting clergymen of great popularity in that country, as S——r, K——c, Wm. D——n, and F. B——h. It was S——r who moved the two addresses. It is the less necessary for me to detail what passed at this period, as every thing material is recorded in my Diary (No. .) Suffice it to say, that the hospitality shewn by the people of Belfast to the Catholics on this occasion, and the personal acquaintance which the parties formed, riveted the bonds of their recent union, and produced in the sequel the most beneficial and powerful effects.

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*Rennes, September 28th, 1796.*

As my time is growing shorter, I pass over a very busy interval of my life, all the events of which are detailed in different Diaries among my papers, and I hasten to the period when, in consequence of the conviction of William Jackson for high treason,\* I was obliged to quit my country, and go into exile in America. A short time before my departure, my friend Russell

being in town, he and I walked out together to Rathfarnham to see Emmett, who has a charming villa there. He shewed us a little study of an elliptical form, which he was building at the bottom of the lawn, and which he said he would consecrate to our meetings, if ever we lived to see our country emancipated. I begged of him, if he intended Russell should be of the party, in addition to the books and maps it would naturally contain, to fit up a small cellar, which would contain a few dozen of his best old claret. He shewed me that he had not omitted that circumstance, which he acknowledged to be essential; and we both rallied Russell with considerable success. I mention this trifling anecdote, because I love the men, and because it seems now at least possible that we may meet again in Emmett's study. As we walked together into town, I opened my plan to them both. I told them that I considered my compromise with Government to extend no further than the banks of the Delaware, and that the moment I landed, I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me for the emancipation of my country; that undoubtedly I was guilty of a great offence against the existing Government; that in consequence I was going into exile, and that I considered that exile as a full expiation for the offence, and consequently I felt myself at liberty, having made that sacrifice, to begin again on a fresh score. They both agreed with me in these principles, and I then proceeded to tell them, that my intentions were, immediately upon my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French Government, and, if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America, and to set off instantly for Paris, and to apply in the name of my country for the assistance of France, to enable us to assert our independence. It is unnecessary, I believe, to say that this plan met with the warmest approbation and support from both Russell and Emmett. We shook hands, and having repeated our professions of unalterable regard and esteem for each other, we parted; and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with these two invaluable friends together. I remember it was in a little triangular field that this conversation took place; and Emmett remarked to us, that it was in one exactly like it in Switzerland, where William Tell and his two associates planned the downfall of the tyranny of Austria. The next day, Russell returned to Belfast.

As I was determined not to appear to leave Ireland clandestinely, whatever might be the hazard to myself, I took care, on the day of Jackson's trial, to walk up and down in the most public streets in Dublin, and to go, contrary to my usual custom, into several of the most frequented coffeehouses, and to my bookseller's, which was still more frequented. In this last place I was seen by Lord Mounjoy, who gave himself the pains to call on the Attorney-general the next day, and inform him that I was to be found, for that he had seen me at Archer's the day before. The Attorney-general, however, gave him no thanks for his pains; and so the affair ended. My obligation, however, to his Lordship, is not the less for his good intentions. Having made this sacrifice to appearances, I set out with all diligence to prepare for my departure. I sold off all my little property of every kind, reserving only my books, of which I had a very good selection of about 600 volumes; and I determined to take leave of nobody. I also resolved not to call on any of my friends, not even Knox or Emmett; for, as I knew the part I had taken in Jackson's affair had raised a violent outcry against me with a very numerous and powerful party, I resolved not to implicate any of those I regarded in the difficulties of my situation. Satisfied as I was of the rectitude of my own conduct, and of the purity of my motives, I believe I should have had fortitude to bear the desertion of my best friends; yet, to their honour be it spoken, I was not put to so severe a trial. I did not lose the countenance and support of any one man whom I esteemed; and I believe now that I secured the continuance of their regard by the firmness I had shewn all along through this most arduous and painful trial, and especially by my



repeated declarations that I was ready to sacrifice my life if necessary, but that I would never degrade myself by giving testimony against a man who had spoken to me in the confidence that I would not betray him. I have said that after Jackson's death I visited nobody; but my friends made it, I believe, a point to call on me; so that, for the short time I remained in Dublin after, we were never an hour alone. My friends M'Cormick and Keogh, who had interested themselves extremely all along in my behalf, and had been principally instrumental in passing the vote for granting me 300*l.* in addition to the arrears due to me by the Catholics, were, of course, among the foremost.

It has often astonished me, that the Government, knowing there was a French minister in Philadelphia, ever suffered me to go thither, at least without exacting some positive assurance on my part that I should hold no communication with him, direct or indirect. So it was, however, that either despising my efforts, or looking on themselves as too firmly established to dread any thing from France, they suffered me to depart without demanding any satisfaction whatsoever on that topic, a circumstance of which I was most sincerely glad; for if I had been obliged to give my parole, I should have been exceedingly distracted between opposite duties. Luckily, however, I was spared this difficulty, for they suffered me to depart without any stipulation whatever. Perhaps it would have been better for them if they had adhered to their first proposal of sending me out to India; but as to that the event will determine.

Having paid all my debts, and settled with every body, I set off from Dublin for Belfast, on the 20th May, 1795, with my wife, sister, and three children, leaving, as may be well supposed, my father and mother in very sincere affliction. My whole property consisted in our clothes, my books, and about 700*l.* in money and bills on Philadelphia. We kept our spirits admirably. The great attention manifested to us, the conviction that we were suffering in the best of causes, the hurry attending so great a change, and perhaps a little vanity in shewing ourselves superior to fortune, supported us under what was certainly a trial of the severest kind. But if our friends in Dublin were kind and affectionate, those in Belfast were, if possible, still more so. During near a month that we remained there, we were every day engaged by one or other. Even those who scarcely knew me were eager to entertain us. Parties and excursions were planned for our amusement, and certainly the whole of our deportment and reception at Belfast very little resembled those of a man who escaped with his life only by a miracle, and who was driven into exile to avoid a more disagreeable fate. I remember particularly two days that we passed on the Cavehill; on the first, R——, N——, and M'C——, and one or two more of us, on the summit of Mac Art's Fort took a solemn obligation (which I think I may say I have on my part endeavoured to fulfil) never to desist in our efforts till we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted her independence. Another day we had the tent of the 1st regiment pitched in the Deer-Park, and a company of thirty of us, including the family of the S——s, N——s, M'C——s, and my own, dined and spent the day deliciously together. But the most agreeable day we passed during our stay, and one of the most agreeable of our lives, was in an excursion we made with the S——s, N——s, and R——s, to Ram's Island, a beautiful and romantic spot in Lough Neagh. Nothing can be imagined more delightful; and we agreed, in whatever quarter we might find ourselves respectively, to commemorate the anniversary of that day, the 11th of June. At length the hour of our departure arrived. On the 13th June, we embarked on board the *Cincinnatus* of Wilmington, Captain James Robinson; and I flatter myself we carried with us the regret of all who knew us. Even some of my former friends, who had long since deserted me, returned on this reverse of my fortune, struck, I believe, by the steadiness with which we all looked it in the face. Our friends in Belfast loaded us with presents on our departure, and filled our little cabin with sea-store, fresh

provisions, sweetmeats, and every thing they could devise for the comfort of my wife and children. Never while I live will I forget the affectionate kindness of their behaviour.

We were now at sea, and at leisure to examine our situation. I had hired a state-room, which was about eight feet by six, in which we had fitted up three births. My wife and my youngest little boy occupied one, my sister and my little girl the second, and my eldest boy and myself the third. It was at first grievously inconvenient, but necessity and custom, by degrees, reconciled us to our situation. Our greatest suffering was want of good water, under which we laboured the whole passage, and which we found it impossible to replace by wine, porter, or spirits, of which we had abundance. The captain was tolerably civil, the vessel was stout, and we had good weather almost the whole of our voyage; but we were 300 passengers on board a ship of 230 tons, and of course crowded to a degree not to be conceived by those who have not been on board a passage-ship. The slaves who are carried from the coast of Africa have much more room allowed them than the miserable emigrants who pass from Ireland to America; for the avarice of the captains in that trade is such, that they think they never can load their vessels sufficiently; and they trouble their heads, in general, no more about the accommodation and stowage of their passengers than of any other lumber on board. I laboured, and with some success, to introduce something like a police, and a certain degree, though a very imperfect one, of cleanliness among them. Certainly the air of the sea must be wonderfully wholesome, for if the same number of wretches of us had been shut up in the same space ashore with so much inconvenience of every kind about us, two thirds of us would have died in the time of our voyage. As it was, in spite of every thing, we were tolerably healthy: we lost but one passenger (a woman). We had some sick aboard, and the friendship of James M'Donnell, of Belfast, having supplied me with a small medicine-chest and written directions, I took on myself the office of physician. I prescribed and administered accordingly, and I had the satisfaction to land all my patients safe and sound. As we distributed liberally the surplus of our sea-stores, of which we had great abundance, and especially as we gave from time to time wine and porter to the sick and aged, we soon became very popular aboard, and I am sure there was no sacrifice to our ease or convenience in the power of our poor fellow-passengers to make that we might not have commanded. Thirty days of our voyage had now passed over without any event, save the ordinary ones of seeing now a shoal of porpoises, now a shark, now a set of dolphins, the peacocks of the sea, playing about, and once or twice a whale. We had indeed been brought to, when a week at sea, by the William Pitt Indiaman, which was returning to Europe with about twenty other ships, under convoy of four or five men of war; but, on examining our papers, they suffered us to proceed. At length, about the 20th of July, some time after we had cleared the banks of Newfoundland, we were stopt by three British frigates, the Thetis, Captain Cochrane, the Hussar, Captain ———, and the Esperance, Wood, who boarded us, and after treating us with the greatest insolence, both officers and sailors, they pressed every one of our hands save one, and near fifty of my unfortunate fellow-passengers, who were most of them flying to America to avoid the tyranny of a bad government at home, and who thus most unexpectedly fell under the severest tyranny, one of them at least, which exists. As I was in a jacket and trowsers, one of the lieutenants ordered me to the boat as a fit man to serve the King, and it was only the screams of my wife and sister which induced him to desist. It would have been a pretty termination to my adventures, if I had been pressed and sent on board a man of war. The insolence of those tyrants to myself, as well as to my poor fellow-passengers, in whose fate a fellowship in misfortune had interested me, I have not since forgotten, and I never will. At length, after detaining us two days, during which they ruminaged us at least twenty times, they suffered us to proceed. On the 30th July we made Cape Henlopen;

the 31st we ran up the Delaware, and on the 1st of August we landed safe at Wilmington, not one of us providentially having been for an hour indisposed on the passage, nor even sea-sick. Those only who have had their wives, their children, and all, in short, that is dear to them, floating for seven or eight weeks at the mercy of the winds and waves, can conceive the transport I felt at seeing my wife and our darling babies ashore once again in health and in safety. We set up at the principal tavern, kept by an Irishman, one Captain O'Flynn (I think), for all the taverns in America are kept by Majors and Captains either of Militia or Continentals; and in a few days we had entirely recruited our strength and spirits, and totally forgotten the fatigues of the voyage.

During our stay in Wilmington, we formed an acquaintance, which was of some service and a great deal of pleasure to us, with a General Hampton, an old Continental officer. He was an Englishman, born in Yorkshire, and had been a major in the 25th regiment, but on the breaking out of the American war he resigned his commission and offered his services to Congress, who immediately gave him a regiment, from which he rose by degrees to his present rank. He was a beautiful, hale, stout old man of near seventy, perfectly the soldier and the gentleman; and he took a great liking to us, as we did to him on our part. On our removal to Philadelphia, he found us a lodging with one of his acquaintance, and rendered us all the little services and attentions that our situation as strangers required, which indeed he continued without remission during the whole of my stay in America, and I doubt not equally since my departure. I have a sincere and grateful sense of the kindness of this worthy veteran.

Immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, which was about the 7th or 8th of August, I found out my old friend and brother exile Dr. —, who seemed, to my very great satisfaction, to be very comfortably settled. From him I learned that —\* had arrived about six weeks before me from France; and that same evening we all three met. It was a singular rencontre, and our several escapes from an ignominious death seemed little short of a miracle. We communicated respectively our several adventures which took place in the gaol of Newgate in Dublin fourteen months before. In Dr. — there was nothing very extraordinary. — had been seized and thrown into prison immediately on his landing near Brest, from whence he was rescued by the interference of a young man named —, an Irishman, in the service of the Republic, and sent on to Paris to the Committee of Public Safety by *Prieur de la Marne*, the deputy on mission. On his arrival he was seized with a most dangerous fever, from which he narrowly escaped with his life. When he recovered, as well as during his illness, he was maintained by the Government. He was examined on the state of Ireland; but immediately after came on the famous 9th Thermidor, the downfall of Robespierre, and the dissolution of the Committee of Public Safety. The total change which this produced in the politics of France, and the attention of every man being occupied with his own immediate personal safety, were the causes that — was forgotten in the confusion. After remaining there for several months, he yielded to the solicitude of his family and friends, and embarked at Havre for New York, where he arrived about the middle of June 1795, after a tedious passage of eleven weeks. It is unnecessary to detail again my adventures which I related to them at full length, as well as every thing relating to the state of politics in Ireland, about which it may be well supposed their curiosity and anxiety were extreme. I then proceeded to tell them my designs, and that I intended waiting the next day on the French minister with such credentials as I had brought with me, which were the two votes of thanks of the Catholics, and my certificate of admission into

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\* The name is suppressed in the manuscript, but from the facts, and the initial R— occurring in the sequel, we conjecture that the person in question must have been Mr. Hamilton Rowan.



the Belfast volunteers, engrossed on vellum and signed by the chairman and secretaries. I added that I would refer to them both for my credibility in case the minister had any doubts.

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The next day I waited on the minister (Citizen Adet) who received me very politely. He spoke English very imperfectly, and I French a great deal worse. However we made a shift to understand one another. He read my certificate, &c. and he begged me to throw on paper in the form of a memorial all I had to communicate on the subject of Ireland. This I accordingly did in the course of two or three days, though with great difficulty on account of the burning heat of the climate, so different from what I had been used to, the thermometer varying between 90° and 97°. At length, however, I finished my memorial, such as it was, and brought it to Adet, and I offered him at the same time, if he thought it would forward the business, to embark in the first vessel which sailed for France; but the minister for some reason seemed not much to desire this, and he eluded my offer by reminding me of the great risk I ran, as the English stopped and carried into their ports indiscriminately all American vessels bound for France. He assured me, however, I might rely on my memorial being transmitted to the French government and backed with his strongest recommendations; and he also promised to write particularly to procure the enlargement of my brother Matthew, who was then in prison at Guire—all which I have since found he faithfully performed.

I had now discharged my conscience as to my duty to my country, and it was with the sincerest and deepest contristation of mind that I saw this my last effort likely to be of so little effect. It was barely possible, but I did not much expect that the French Government might take notice of my memorial; and if they did not, there was an end of all my hopes. I now began to endeavour to bend my mind to my situation, but to no purpose. I moved my family, first to West Chester, and then to Downingtown, both in the state of Pennsylvania, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, and I began to look about for a small plantation, such as might suit the shattered state of my finances, on which the enormous expense of living in Philadelphia (three times as dear as at Paris or even London) was beginning to make a sensible inroad. While they remained there in the neighbourhood of our kind friend General Hampton, whose kindness and attention continued unabated, I made divers excursions on foot and in the stage-waggon, in quest of a farm. The situation of Prince Town in New Jersey struck me for a variety of reasons, and I determined, if possible, to settle in that neighbourhood. I accordingly agreed with a Dutch boor for a plantation of 100 acres, with a small wooden house, which would have suited me well enough, for which I was to pay £750 of that currency; but the fellow was too covetous, and wanted to screw more out of me, on which I broke off the treaty in a rage, and he began to repent; but I was obstinate. At length I agreed with a Captain Leonard for a plantation of 180 acres, beautifully situated within two miles of Prince Town, and half of it under timber, for which I was to pay 1180*l.* currency, and I believe it was worth the money. I moved in consequence my family to Prince Town, where I hired a small house for the winter, which I furnished frugally and decently. I fitted up my study, and I began to think that my lot was cast to be an American farmer. For myself, I believe I could have borne it; and for my wife, it was sufficient to her that I was with her; her incomparable firmness of mind, and never-failing cheerfulness and equanimity of temper sustaining her, (and me also, whose happiness depended solely upon hers,) under every difficulty; but when we looked on our little children, we felt, both of us, our courage fail. Our little boys we could hardly bear to think of rearing in the boorish ignorance of the peasants about us; and to what purpose give them an education which could only tend to discontent them with the state wherein they were thrown, and wherein learning and talents were useless? But especially our little girl, now eight

or nine years old, was our principal uneasiness. How could we bear to see her the wife of a clown, without delicacy or refinement, incapable to feel or to estimate the value of a mind which even already developed the strongest marks of sensibility and tenderness. For my own part, this idea tormented me beyond enduring; and I am sure that no unfortunate lover, in the paroxysm of jealousy, ever looked forward with greater horror to the union of his mistress with his rival, than I did to the probability of seeing my darling child sacrificed to one of the bores by whom we were surrounded. I could better bear to see her dead; for with regard to the delicacy and purity of woman, I entertain notions of perhaps extravagant refinement. But to return. In this gloomy frame of mind, I remained for some time waiting for the lawyer who was employed to draw the deeds, and expecting next spring to remove to my purchase, and to begin farming at last, when one day I was roused from my lethargy by the receipt of letters from N—, R—, and —, wherein after professions of the warmest and sincerest regard, they proceeded to acquaint me that the state of the public mind in Ireland was advancing to Republicanism faster than even I could believe, and they pressed me in the strongest manner to fulfil the engagement that I had made with them at my departure, and to move heaven and earth to force my way to the French Government, in order to supplicate their assistance. — at the end of a most friendly and affectionate letter, desired me to draw on him for 200*l.*, and that my bill should be punctually paid; an offer, at the liberality of which, well as I knew the man, I confess I was surprised. I immediately handed the letters to my wife and sister, and desired their opinion, which I foresaw would be that I should immediately, if possible, set out for France. My wife especially, whose courage and whose zeal for my honour and interests were not in the least rebated by all her past sufferings, supplicated me to let no consideration for her or our children stand for a moment in the way of my engagements to my friends, and my duty to my country, adding that she would answer for our family during my absence, and that the same Providence which had so often, as it were, miraculously preserved us, would, she was confident, not desert us now. My sister joined her in these entreaties, and it may be well supposed I required no great supplication to induce me to make one more attempt in a cause to which I had been so long devoted. I set off accordingly the next morning (it being this time about the end of November) for Philadelphia, and went immediately on my arrival to Adet, to whom I shewed the letters I had just received, and I referred him to —, who was then in town, for the characters of the writers. I had the satisfaction, contrary to my expectations, to find Adet as willing to forward and assist my design now, as he seemed (to me at least) lukewarm when I saw him before in August. He told me immediately that he would give me letters to the French Government, recommending me in the strongest manner, and also money to bear my expenses, if necessary. I thanked him most sincerely for the letters, but I declined accepting any pecuniary assistance. Having thus far surmounted my difficulties, I wrote for my brother Arthur, who was at Prince Town, to come to me immediately, and I fitted him out with all expedition for sea. Having instructed him with my determination of sailing for France in the first vessel, I ordered him to communicate this immediately on his arrival in Ireland, to N— and R— in Belfast, and to M'Nevin and — only in Dublin. To every one else, including especially my father and mother, I desired him to say that I had purchased, and was settled upon my farm near Prince Town. Having fully instructed him, I put him on board the *Susannah*, Captain Baird, bound for Belfast, and on the 10th December, 1795, he sailed from Philadelphia, and I presume he arrived safe, but as yet I have had no opportunity of hearing of him.\* Having despatched him, I settled all my affairs as

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\* This mission presents a curious specimen of the kind of instruments that may be employed in revolutionary undertakings. The fact of Tone's being about to

speedily as possible; I drew on ——— for 200*l.* agreeable to his letter, 150*l.* of which I devoted to my voyage. My friend R—— procured me Louis-d'ors at the bank for an hundred pounds worth of silver. I converted the remainder of my little property into bank-stock, and having signed a general power of attorney to my wife, I waited finally on Adet, who gave me a letter in cypher, directed to the Committee *du salut public*, the only credential which I intended to bring with me to France. I spent one day in Philadelphia with R——, and my old friend and fellow-sufferer James Napper Tandy, who, after a long concealment and many adventures, was recently arrived from Hamburgh; and at length on the 13th December at night, I arrived at Prince Town, whither ——— accompanied me, bringing with him a few presents for my wife, sister, and our dear little babies. That night we supped together in high spirits, and ——— retiring to the inn immediately after, my wife, sister, and I sat together till very late, engaged in that kind of animated and enthusiastic conversation, which our characters, and the nature of the enterprise I was embarked in, may be supposed to give rise to. The courage and firmness of the women supported me, and them too, beyond my expectations. We had neither tears nor lamentations, but on the contrary the most ardent hopes, and the most steady resolution. At length at five the next morning I embraced them both for the last time, and we parted with a steadiness which astonished me. On the 16th December I arrived in New York, and took my passage on board the ship *Jersey*, Captain John Barnes, commander. I remained in New York ten days, during which time I wrote continually to my family; and a day or two before my departure, I received a letter from my wife, informing me that she was with child, a circumstance which she had concealed so far, I am sure, lest it might have had some influence on my determination. On the 1st of January, 1796, I sailed from Sandy Hook with nine fellow-passengers, all French, bound for Havre de Grace. Our voyage lasted exactly a month. \* \* \* \* \* On the 1st of February we landed in safety at Havre, having met with not the smallest accident during our voyage.

My adventures from this date are fully detailed in the diary, which I have regularly kept since my arrival in France.

Here the manuscript ends. The sequel of Tone's story is matter of public history. He accompanied the French expedition, about to sail at the time he closed his narrative, to Ireland. The fleet was dispersed in a gale, and returned to France without effecting its object. The vessel in which he sailed was among those that were driven into, and wind-bound for some days in Bantry Bay. Two years after (in the autumn of 1798) another armament, destined for the North of Ireland, sailed from Brest; and the principal part of it was captured by Admiral Warren's squadron off Lough-swilly. Tone, as already mentioned, under the mistaken impression that his French commission would save him, refused to escape. He bore the name of Smith Tone, with the rank of *Chef-de-brigade*, in the French service; and for some time passed unnoticed among the other prisoners. After they were landed,

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make his way to France, with a prospect of succeeding in his object, was a piece of information the most important that could be transmitted to his associates in Ireland, and the subsequent knowledge of it had no small influence on their proceedings; yet this, it seems, was to be communicated verbally to them by a child of thirteen years; for such, it appears in another part of these memoirs, was the age of this little tyro in high treason. He had been bred to the sea, and accompanied his brother to America, who describes him as "a fine smart boy, as idle as possible, with very quick parts, and as stout as a lion," and expresses his confidence that "he would discharge his commission with ability and discretion."



Lord Cavan, the commanding officer in that part of Ireland, invited the prisoners of a certain rank to breakfast. On the way, Tone was recognised by, or, according to another account, had the impudence to make himself known to, an old acquaintance, that chanced to be on the spot. Lord Cavan was speedily apprised that Wolfe Tone was sitting at his table. The latter was accordingly made to pass into an adjoining room, where, his identity being ascertained, he was formally placed under close arrest on a charge of high treason, and soon after put in irons. This latter indignity he appears to have felt most acutely. Alluding to it upon his trial, he says, "After a combat nobly sustained, and which would have inspired a sentiment of interest in a generous enemy, to the eternal shame of those who gave the order, I have been dragged hither in chains." The friends of Lord Cavan asserted that this extreme severity was provoked by Tone's outrageous deportment, when he found that he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. It may have been so; but the ordinary character of the man strongly contradicts the supposition. He was sent on to Dublin on horseback, and guarded by an escort of dragoons. A gentleman, then in Ireland, who saw him pass through one of the northern towns, remembers two strong impressions which Tone's appearance made:—first, its extreme singularity from his foreign uniform, and still more from his incapacity (encumbered with irons as he was) of sitting with tolerable ease in his saddle; and, secondly, the admirable serenity of countenance with which he bore his fate. Among the groups of females that thronged the windows, his eye caught the features of a young lady whom he had not seen for many years. He instantly recognised her, and carelessly observed, "There is my old friend Miss Beresford, I see: how well she looks!"

Upon his arrival in Dublin he was brought up for trial before a court-martial, convicted, and sentenced to die in eight-and-forty hours. His address to the court—a dying declaration rather than a defence—was manly and eloquent. His only concern was to die with dignity; the only favour he asked was to be indulged "in a soldier's privilege of being shot by a file of grenadiers." This being refused, he resolved to die by his own hand.

There is a tragic singularity of interest in what followed. The only point that Tone had urged in the way of defence, was his commission in the French service; and this the court could not listen to. But it subsequently appeared that as far as *that* trial was concerned, he had a valid legal defence, of which he had been unaware. His execution was fixed for one o'clock on the 12th of November. On the evening of the 11th, his father, then in Dublin, was induced to take the opinion of counsel on the legality of his trial and conviction. The opinion given was, that the whole proceedings were illegal, for want of jurisdiction in a court-martial to try the offence; and Mr. Tone (the father) was advised to prepare an affidavit of the circumstances, and to move the King's Bench, at the sitting of the court the following morning, to have the body of his son brought up by a writ of Habeas Corpus. This was accordingly done; but no intimation of the intended proceeding was made to the prisoner. The court at once admitted the case to be one demanding its instant interference; and, while the writ was preparing, despatched the sheriff to the barracks of Dublin to

prevent the execution. The scene upon this occasion, as awfully dramatic as any of Sir Walter Scott's, is detailed, but scantily, in Howell's *State Trials*. The sheriff speedily returned from the barracks, and announced that the authorities there refused to obey the order of the court. This was followed by an intimation that the writ of Habeas Corpus, which had been made out and served by the father, had been equally disregarded. Such was the period, that the general impression now was that the prisoner would be led out to execution in defiance of the court and the law.\* This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden, the chief-justice; a man who, in the worst of times, preserved a religious respect for the laws. A witness of the scene, describing its effect upon him, observed, that "his agitation was magnificent." The notorious indifference of some of his contemporaries to legal observances, when blood was to be shed, suggested a phrase which would otherwise savour of Irish exaggeration. The sheriff was again despatched to the barracks, with directions to take the prisoner into his custody; and, further, to apprehend the Prevot-marshal and Major Sandys, who had so presumptuously disobeyed the former order of the Court. The sheriff was refused admittance to the barracks. He was, however, given to understand there (and this was the first announcement of the fact), that Wolfe Tone had the night before attempted his life, by cutting his throat with a penknife, and was in such a condition that his removal would occasion instant death. It is by no means improbable that this latter circumstance may have operated fully as much as the injunction of the Court of King's Bench to prevent his execution. He died a few days after of his wound. The last words recorded of him are his reply to the surgeon, who, upon examining the wound, observed that though dangerous it might not prove fatal, the carotid artery having escaped incision—"I am sorry to find that I have been so bad an anatomist."

In perusing these extracts from Wolfe Tone's biography, some classes of our readers cannot fail to have been struck by the ardent terms in which his wife is mentioned, and will be naturally desirous to know what became of her and her infant family after the catastrophe just narrated. We have been enabled to subjoin a few particulars on this head. After the death of her husband, she settled in France, where a pension was assigned her by the Government of that country. She resided in France until the fall of Napoleon, greatly regarded and admired by all who knew her. Her conversation was in a high degree animated and eloquent. She never murmured at her destiny, but sustained it with that cheerful elevation of mind which springs from an early and unabated sympathy with important objects. Her firmness of character may be collected from a single instance. The anecdote is also too honourable to a man whom it was once considered a national duty to dishonour, to be suppressed. A large arrear of her pension, her only means of support, being unpaid, and all her official applications and remonstrances on the subject treated with neglect, she determined upon applying in person to the Emperor for redress. With this view, she proceeded alone to the Forest of St. Germain at an hour when she

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\* The cart and military escort were already in attendance outside the barracks.



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knew that he was to pass through it. As soon as the royal equipage appeared, she placed herself in the middle of the road, and compelling the postilions to draw up, advanced to the carriage and told her story. Napoleon no sooner discovered who she was, than he treated her with the most marked kindness and respect. He promised that his first care upon his arrival in Paris should be to order the instant payment of her arrears; and he kept his word. He further delayed for a considerable time, to inquire minutely into the situation of herself and her family, and entreated that in future, whenever she had any object to attain for herself or them, she would not hesitate to make him acquainted with her wishes. She was too self-denying and proud to use this privilege as others would have done. The few favours that she afterwards solicited were immediately granted. These related to her son, her only surviving child, for the rest perished in their infancy. There is one fact connected with him, so highly characteristic of one "of the great men now no more," that it deserves to be recorded. Young Tone, who had industry and literary talents, was anxious, and it was also his mother's wish, to advance himself in a civil line; but the rigorous spirit of French institutions compelled him to become a soldier. While yet a boy, he was placed by the laws of France in a military school, and in due season transferred to the army. He attained the rank of lieutenant; and in the celebrated retreat from Leipsic, where he distinguished himself, acted as aid-de-camp to a general. After the battle of Waterloo he extricated himself from the French service; and, a wealthy connexion of his mother's having invited him to settle in England, he resolved to return to his original country, and, being still extremely young, to try his fortune at the English bar. The only obstacle to this scheme was the fact of his having committed the technical offence of high treason, by serving in the French army. The British ambassador at Paris, upon the circumstances being represented to him, acted like a man of sense and feeling. He transmitted the particulars to his government, and strongly recommended that young Tone should have the protection of a pardon for his involuntary breach of the laws of England. This was refused. Lord Castlereagh (as the family were informed) objecting to the influence which the proximity of a son of Wolfe Tone might have upon the political feelings that prevailed in Ireland. The young man offered to bind himself under any penalty never to set foot in Ireland, but unavailingly. He soon after went to America, where he is now serving in the army of the United States. A son of Wolfe Tone, as an English barrister, would have been perfectly innocuous. If there be any ground for the recent prediction, that America is destined "to settle the Catholic question," he may not prove equally so where he is. His mother is still living, and, if we are rightly informed, is now the wife of an opulent gentleman of Scotland.

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